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Contents

The Week 29

Editorials

Mussolini's Latest Frown 32
The Meaning of the Elections 32
Hitler Competes with Brussels 33

General Articles

The Morale of the Nazis ..... G. Reimann 34
Reading While You Run ..... Kenneth Burke 36
Slow Boone (verse) ..... Hildegarde Flanner 37
Japan's "Divine Mission" ..... Willard Price 38
Shoot the Works ..... Heywood Broun 41
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 42
Other People's Money ..... John T. Flynn 43
Gods, Golden Lads and Girls ..... Stark Young 44
The Bandwagon 45
America's Sixty Families 46

Correspondence 47

Books in Review

Frontiers of Credulity ..... Norbert Guterman 49
Poets' Corner ..... William Carlos Williams, Marie de L. Welch, T. C. Wilson and Theodore Roethke 50
A Poet's Story ..... Alfred Kreymborg 53
An Anthropologist Cries Woe ..... Harold Ward 54
Fiction Notes 55

Congress with Its Hands Full

As Congress reconvenes in special session, it is confronted with two kinds of problems—the administration's legislative program to carry further the New Deal, and projects of various groups of dissenters from the administration. The first category consists of action on wages and hours, agricultural policy, regional planning, governmental reorganization and anti-trust legislation. In the second category will come attempts to repeal or modify the taxes on corporate surplus and capital gains, to amend the Wagner Labor Relations Act, and possibly to strengthen the Neutrality Act or make its application mandatory to the present war in China. Congress cannot of course attend to all these matters before its regular session in January. For ourselves, we hope it will be able to pass acceptable laws on wages and hours, regional planning and agriculture, the outlines of these measures being already fairly clear. Governmental reorganization is a more dubious subject, and one which Congress will be reluctant to effect. Almost nobody knows what a good anti-trust program would be. Neutrality policy is of course pressing and we hope Congress will quickly enforce its previously expressed will. We see no good reason for tackling the tax problem before the regular session, and certainly not by abolition of the taxes which are now under fire. There is little to be said for the thesis that these are in any way responsible for the present business recession. As for the Wagner Act, amendment would be almost sure to injure its effectiveness.

Twenty Years of the USSR

One and a half million persons paraded through Red Square in Moscow November 7, celebrating the twentieth anniversary of the Soviet Union. Fixed feast days are usually no more important in one country than in another, but this is less than ordinarily true in regard to the most far-reaching social experiment in human history and one about which controversy, while its terms are altered, continues to rage almost as fiercely as it did two decades ago. We shall in the near future discuss at length what is happening in the USSR. Meanwhile, it is worth noting that not one of the prophets of twenty years ago (at least so far as we can discover) was able to predict the course of events. It was said that the Soviet Union would either stand aloof and continue socialist or abandon its experiment and return to the society of nations as in the days of the Tsar. In fact, it has both continued socialist and, under the threat of imminent war danger, has resumed its place among the great nations of the world. Those who expected an immediate socialist millennium have been disappointed, and so have those who for years predicted every few months that the USSR was on the verge of collapse. Whether you like it or not, the Soviet Union stands today as the world's strongest military power, with a standard of life which, in spite of incredible difficulties, is steadily improving.

Good Riddance to Gold

A lot of people are worrying because gold has begun to flow out of the United States, but this is hardly consistent with the worry occasioned when it flowed in—as it has been doing in enormous quantities for several years. We do not need the amount of gold we have; indeed we have so much that it caused a fear of inflation when it came, and the Treasury "sterilized" millions of dollars' worth to

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keep it out of bank reserves. On the other hand, France does need the gold for reserves, and other European nations could use more. The sterilizing process cost the government a lot of money; it can now by selling its store recoup some of this expenditure. As far as the gold is concerned, we ought to be glad to see it go. The real trouble about "hot money" is rather the disturbance it causes in capital markets. The gold movements are largely a reflection of the shifting of speculative funds from one money center to another; the profits in such speculation are sought by the most unscrupulous possible means, and have political as well as economic repercussions. Fears and hopes spread by rumors play a large part in the process. The reform program of the People's Front government in France was sabotaged by a "flight of capital" engineered principally by speculators; now the outward flow from the United States is being stimulated by the incredible rumor that we are once more about to devalue the dollar. Speculative swings in stock prices are made sharper by this sort of manipulation.

Salesman

The wavering plans of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor have—at least for the moment—come to rest on the decision to postpone indefinitely their trip to the United States. Criticism by the American Federation of Labor of Charles E. Bedaux, the Duke's advance man and inventor of the Bedaux system of industrial management, together with the suggestions that organized labor would have done a good deal to make the Windsors' visit unpleasant, are the apparent reasons for the change in plan. The Duke of Windsor is a pathetic figure. In all probability he has a sincere desire to make his life of some public value; certainly he is given no chance to lead an ordinary private one. His opinions are invested with a power he seems unable to estimate or control. The A. F. of L., of course, was firing its criticism at Bedaux, who is unpopular with many workers in the United States, but the barrage hit the Duke of Windsor as well. His chief fault seems to be his inability to avoid exploitation by almost anybody with a scheme, a political philosophy or a nation's prestige to sell. As Prince of Wales he was forced to "sell" the British Empire; as a visitor to Germany he becomes an "agent of Nazism" and now, by his clumsy choice of an adviser, he is regarded as the promoter of the hated "speed-up."

Money's Worth

"Getting Your Money's Worth" is the title of a movie short produced by the Film and Photo League under the supervision of Consumers' Union. It is still showing at the Filmarte Theatre in New York City on the bill with "Mayerling." The short describes some of the laboratory tests Consumers' Union makes in preparing its confidential guide to shoppers, among them a test for the durability of shoe leather, the danger of lead poisoning from handling toy soldiers, the ways to detect milk contamination—also how housewives are persuaded into needless expenditure for Grade-A milk. Well, a man from one of the big milk companies soon got to the manager of the theatre about that. If the picture were withdrawn, he offered to provide another short to take its place and made it pretty clear that there might be other compensation as well. The manager, stout fellow, threw him out. That an out-of-town exhibitor wanted to book the short though he knew "they were going to make trouble," shows that this bit of coercion is not a local coincidence.

More Books for the Masses

Not long ago The New Republic printed an editorial about the series of good, inexpensive books being published "for the masses" by Modern Age Books, Inc. We might then have mentioned that there is a similar and older organization, the National Home Library Foundation in Washington, D. C., which has been making a successful experiment of the same sort during the past six years. It produces serious reading matter on an enormous scale, sells its publications at from 15 to 25 cents a volume and reaches a market that booksellers—with their attention concentrated on the metropolitan areas—have in the past regarded as hopelessly outside the pale. The Home Library books sell at a price which just covers the cost of production and distribution and, by applying the methods of printing and binding used by publishers of large-circulation magazines, these costs have been brought extraordinarily low. They are able to produce a well printed book on good paper, attractively bound in a fabrikoid cover, for 7½ cents a volume. At first the Home Library reprinted familiar classics: "The Merchant of Venice," "Green Mansions," "Cyrano de Bergerac" and so on. Now, however, it is turning to the original works of contemporary authors, starting with "Brass Tacks," by David Cushman Coyle. Books by Arthur E. Morgan, John W. Studebaker, Harold G. Moulton and Charles Beard have been released in editions of one hundred thousand copies, and an ambitious program is planned for the coming season.

Mooney Gets His Day in Congress

For the first time in the long and tortuous history of the Mooney-Billings case, Congress is about to take a hand and give the affair a hearing in a national arena. The Murray-O'Connell resolution calling upon Governor Merriam of California to grant an immediate pardon to Mooney is now in the hands of the Senate Judiciary Committee. Senator O'Mahoney of Wyoming, chairman of the subcommittee appointed to consider the resolution, announces that special hearings will begin on December 15. Advocates of the resolution are preparing to bring forward an impressive presentation of witnesses and evidence to show up the whole Mooney-Billings conviction for the colossal frame-up that it was. It is worth repeating here that nine of the ten

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living jurors who participated in the original trial, the trial judge and the captain of detectives who prepared the principal evidence against him all have asked for Mooney's pardon. Although the prospective hearings constitute the first congressional action, the case has been brought before federal authorities on three previous occasions. After the first trials, the intercession of President Wilson saved Mooney from the gallows. In 1931, under President Hoover, a Wickersham Commission subcommittee denounced the methods of the prosecution. Two years ago the United States Supreme Court sent the case back to California, saying that legal remedies in that state hadn't yet been exhausted. A fortnight ago the cycle was completed when the California Supreme Court closed the matter so far as it is concerned by refusing to grant Mooney a writ of habeas corpus.

Revolt of the Doctors

The American Medical Association has had its authority questioned. Four hundred and thirty prominent physicians have signed a "medical declaration of independence" which, although it does not specifically advocate socialized medicine, shows that there is a growing body of dissenters in the profession who reject the die-hard position the AMA has always taken on public medical care of the sick. The statement of independence is a sort of minority opinion on the decisions made at the annual convention of the Association during the summer. It suggests that since "the health of the people is a direct concern of the government," provision should be made with public funds for the medical care of those who are poor and ill; that public funds should be made available for medical education and research and that the public health services should be extended. It urges a consolidation of all the suggested and present health services of the federal government under a special department. The plan as it has been presented is hardly more than a restatement of the familiar problem. Many people have been aware for a long time that the health of the nation needs better attention than it has been getting from private medical practice; that the federal and state governments are the logical agencies to answer the need. By the announcement of their independent viewpoint these doctors show that the determined opposition of the American Medical Association against "government interference" in this field is not now quite so formidable.

Fighters for Civil Liberties

The judges have now announced their decision in The New Republic's prize contest which called for manuscripts describing "Little Known Fighters for Civil Liberties." The first prize of $50 goes to Aaron Levenstein, of New York City, who wrote about Frank McCallister of St. Petersburg, Florida. The second prize of $25 is awarded to Mrs. Dorothy Walton Binder, of Highland Park, Illinois, for her description of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Stockwell of Minneapolis. Ten other individuals received honorable mention and a year's subscription to The New Republic. They are: Michael Phelan of Pittsburgh; McAlister Coleman of New York City; Esther F. Gelders, Birmingham; Ruben Levin, Milwaukee; Robert Bridges, Burlington, North Carolina; Kate Martin, Hot Springs, Arkansas; Victor Ullman, Long Island City, New York; Abraham Silverstein, Newark, New Jersey; Elizabeth Dean, Detroit, and Frank Smith, Greenwood, Mississippi. Mr. Levenstein's manuscript will be published in full in an early issue of The New Republic, and we will publish some of the others in whole or in part.

Mr. Hearst: Faithful to the Last

Soon after the Dionne quintuplets burst upon a world that (in spite of plenty of negative votes) has thought of practically nothing else ever since, the Scripps-Howard newspapers, with great energy and lots of money, sewed up the photographic rights to their cuteness. It was a fine stroke, and no one appreciated this more than the envious Lord of San Simeon. So what did Mr. Hearst do? He went out and bagged the exploitation privileges to a set of quadruplets born a short time later in New Jersey. He forgot, however, two important facts: four is not five, and whereas any one Dionne is attractive enough to be pictured alone and still make newspaper readers coo, this was not the case with his quads. With no disrespect to these children, who will, we don't doubt, grow up into fine citizens, as babies they are just babies and even just barely babies. Evidently Mr. Hearst left orders: "Push the quads" and then went away and forgot all about them. Evidently, too, nobody dares raise the point with him again. So his papers go on printing their pictures, while a nation yawns. The editors, feeling that all four are a little too much, usually give us the picture of only one, ignoring the truth that one-fourth of a set of unattractive quadruplets becomes just one not very attractive infant. It would be far livelier to publish photographs of all the trees in Central Park, one by one. Won't somebody please tell Mr. Hearst, and get him to send a new message: "Unpush quads"?

News Notes of a Week

The Chinese abandoned the area of Shanghai on November 8. It had been feared for some time that this action was inevitable, and it was not interpreted as an important Japanese gain. . . . Soviet Russia notified Mussolini that she regarded the three-power anti-communist agreement as an unfriendly act, and there were reports that she might shut off exports of oil to Italy. . . . Great Britain's action in sending agents to the Spanish rebels "to protect British trading interests" was widely interpreted as virtual recognition for Franco. Foreign Secretary Eden denied this, however, and went out of his way to emphasize Britain's strong continuing tie with France. . . . The Brussels conference marked time, confronted by a task that from the beginning had

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seemed almost hopeless. . . . In the United States, the stock market and the business index continued their downward course. President Roosevelt conferred with economic advisers on means of meeting this situation, either through encouragement of private industry or a prompt resumption of large-scale government spending. . . . The CIO and the A. F. of L. continued their negotiations, on a realistic basis that held out some hope of success. . . . The counting of ballots in New York's first election under proportional representation proceeded so slowly that charges of deliberate sabotage by machine politicians were heard. . . . Dr. Miller McClintock, traffic expert, predicted a critical situation of automobile congestion in the chief cities within a year.

Mussolini's Latest Frown

WITH THEIR usual publicity skill, Mussolini and Hitler have exploited the recent adherence of Italy to the anti-Communist pact already signed between Germany and Japan. There is nothing new in the underlying situation, since Italy was already in substance a member of this alliance; she was, in fact, its spearhead. She has borne the brunt of the fight against "communism" in Spain. It was later that Japan began her crusade to save China from "communism." Hitler has yet to do anything in this campaign; his move may be to carry on the heroic struggle to save Europe from "communism" in Czechoslovakia or Austria—or possibly even in France.

The publicity, however, has a significance of its own. The game of Mussolini and Hitler for some time has been alternately to frighten Great Britain and to woo her into partnership with their designs. They cannot win a Continental war against a united Russia, France and England, and do not want such a war. But if they can keep London from interfering, they can extend their power by relatively small aggresions such as that in Spain and those which are threatened in Central and Eastern Europe, until they become formidable enough to hope they may keep her out of even a general war. The new triple alliance is therefore a portentous frown directed at Messrs. Chamberlain and Eden, and is calculated to stir their timidity once more, now that they have apparently yielded to Mussolini on the Spanish issue.

In addition, the dictators hope to pick up minor allies throughout the world as their plans mature and the prestige of the "democratic" nations declines. They already have the sympathies of such states as Portugal, Brazil, Hungary. The more they create the impression that destiny is on their side, or that they are more resolute and more clever than their opponents, the more open support they may expect, even within the nations that now are lined up against them. It is one of the mysteries of diplomacy why a game that is so obvious should be allowed to go on for so long. The answer may be that Great Britain has a divided heart as well as a divided mind. She will of course eventually, and if worst comes to worst, come to the aid of France. But in the meantime she is encouraging her potential enemies to hope that she will surrender without a struggle, and she is enlarging their power to challenge her. A firm stand in Spain at the beginning would have saved infinite trouble.

The Meaning of the Elections

LAST WEEK'S municipal elections in several parts of the country resulted mainly in what we regard as good news. In New York City, Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia was overwhelmingly reëlected, with a victory so complete that some political commentators are now saying that the power of Tammany Hall is broken for all time. Thomas E. Dewey, enemy of racketeers, was elected District Attorney of New York County with a vote proportionately even larger than that of LaGuardia. The forces of union labor, acting through the American Labor Party, contributed heavily to LaGuardia's victory. The party recorded a vote of 482,000, twice as many as it did in the national election in 1936. As a result of the election, Mr. LaGuardia is already being discussed for Governor in 1938 and for President—on one ticket or another—in 1940. Among the Republicans, whose dearth of good candidates is a national scandal, a presidential boomlet for Mr. Dewey has already been born. Another individual thus honored, however absurdly premature it may be, is Bruce Barton, advertising man and author, who was elected to the national House of Representatives from New York's Seventeenth District.

Outside New York, the forces of labor have a mixed record. In Pittsburgh and several other Pennsylvania cities, Democrats endorsed by the CIO were victorious. In Detroit the mayoralty candidate of the United Automobile Workers was defeated, but rolled up the remarkable total of 154,000 votes. This seems to us a significant achievement for a first try, particularly since the UAW made a maladroit campaign, the candidate was knifed by the A. F. of L., and the Tory coalition stopped at nothing in its vilification of labor's nominee. Similar results were seen in Akron and Canton, Ohio, where Democrats endorsed by Labor's Non-Partisan League were defeated but made a good showing.

The most important lesson of these elections is that labor is on the march, politically as well as economically. In city after city, its candidates either won or made impressive showings. The next lesson is that in most communities, labor is not yet strong enough politically to stand alone. It must have a united front with every possible progressive group to avoid defeat. As things are going, there is reason to believe that this will be as true in 1940, and on a nationwide scale, as it is in 1937 in regard to the municipalities.

Whether the New York election proved that Tammany is now extinct it is far too early to say.

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Time and time again, all over the United States, corrupt party machines have been "destroyed" only to be recreated by the same forces—economic and social—that had called them into being in the first place. The question for Tammany is whether it can hold its forces together through four years of complete lack of patronage, following upon four years during which the pickings have been extremely slim. It should be noted that some of the things from which the Tiger drew its greatest strength in the old days no longer exist. The Hall, with its occasional donations of free ice, coal, a day's outing on the Hudson or a word to the judge when someone was arrested, could not compete with weekly relief funds from the federal government, year in and year out. The end of large-scale immigration was a body blow for obvious reasons. Mr. Mahoney, the Democratic candidate, made a shockingly incompetent campaign, based upon the patently false charge that LaGuardia is a "Red." He might have taken warning from the fact that every conspicuous Red-baiter in American politics fades out of view in a few months or years. It is far too early to announce the coming of any millennium in American political life; but it is not too early to say that times have changed and that the techniques and appeals of twenty years ago are no longer valid or effective.

Hitler Competes with Brussels

THE MOST amazing international news of recent months came in the form of apparently well authenticated dispatches from Berlin just after the Brussels conference got under way, reporting that Hitler had offered to mediate between Japan and China, and that both belligerents had accepted his good offices. The latter part of the story was subsequently denied in a roundabout way from Nanking and Tokyo, but there seems to remain an impression that something of this sort is in the wind.

It is obvious why Hitler should want to mediate and why Japan should favor his mediation, if she is prepared to talk peace at all, but it is extremely difficult to believe that China would entertain such an offer seriously. Der Führer could chalk up a gain in prestige both with his own people and throughout the world if he could do single-handed what the lumbering conference of Nine-Power Treaty signatories could not accomplish. Success would be an indication that the much feared militarist dictator could make peace as well as threaten war. Japan, with whom Germany has an anti-Bolshevist agreement, could count on her ally to safeguard her interests in the drafting of a settlement. Hitler has no scruples against disturbance of the *status quo* or the conquest of supposedly needed territory by one of the "unsatisfied nations." He would also be favorable to increased Japanese dominion over China as a safeguard against Soviet penetration, and to Japanese military control of the North China provinces and Mongolia as a barrier against Siberia.

But, for the very same reasons, the suggestion of Hitler as mediator would seem grotesque from the point of view of Nanking. Germany, it is true, after the War surrendered her extra-territorial status in China. In this respect she made a bid for Chinese favor which the other Western powers would have been wise to duplicate. German generals have been training Chinese armies. But these facts have only a sentimental bearing on the existing situation. If China had been content to allow Japan to have her way, she need not have fought. Nanking's plan is to hold out long enough, in spite of any advances that the Japanese armies may make, and to render the invasion so costly in men and materials that after a sufficient time Japan may reach the end of her resources and be brought to reason. An early peace means a Japanese victory; a long enough war gives China a chance. This reasoning continually is expressed in response to Japan's hints that she would negotiate directly.

Can there have been a sudden and complete reversal of China's plans? To believe so appears fantastic. Of course we might imagine that while the original calculations included a hope that after a year or so some other great power would be involved on China's side, it has now become clear that this will not happen, and as a result Nanking has decided to take the best terms it can get and henceforth to rely on the Fascist bloc rather than on the "democracies" which have failed it. But such a guess utterly ignores the realities of feeling that have been aroused and credits Chinese policy with much too Machiavellian a guidance. Besides, China is the quarry in this chase, and has nothing to hope from making terms with the hunter.

It is barely conceivable that China is playing with Hitler for the time being, in order to put pressure on the nations assembled at Brussels, or wants the breathing space of an armistice without intending in the least to end the war on any terms that Japan would accept. Some day a reasonable explanation of this news from Berlin will probably be forthcoming, but we should be truly astonished if Hitler's mediation actually should result in a treaty of peace.

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Morale and the Nazis

DO THE fascist dictatorships enjoy a superiority over democratic powers in their ability to arouse and maintain enthusiasm, confidence, determination and courage among their soldiers and civilian population, so that the nation thinks and acts as a unit against the enemy? With its complete control over all aspects of national life, it would seem that Nazi Germany possesses an advantage over democratic France in the factor that may prove decisive if the coming war should drag out for years in trench fighting—the factor of war morale.

Morale is not a decisive factor in a short war waged by a well equipped modern army fighting against the people of a backward colonial country without much equipment. Italian airplanes swept over Ethiopia, bombing and machine-gunning the people, Italian tanks scattered their forces, spreading panic; British airplanes and tanks subdued rebellious tribes in northern India; but these military operations provided no test of the morale of the Italian or British soldiers engaged in the attack against forces hopelessly handicapped.

Likewise the conquest of Manchuria by Japan was no test of the morale of the aggressors; nor was the fighting in Chapei in 1932 an acid test. News reports from China seem to establish indubitably that the morale of the Chinese defenders is higher than that of the invaders; but the real test will come only if the Chinese are supplied with modern munitions by Russia, France, Britain and the United States, and sanctions are applied against Japan.

The rout of Italian forces under Franco at Guadalajara by the Loyalists indicates that the morale of these "crusaders against Bolshevism" was none too high. But the morale of neither Italian nor German fascist forces has yet been seriously tested. When the "inevitable" war breaks, Nazi Germany will not face an ill equipped foe in a backward agricultural country; there will be no easy and speedy victory.

German militarists realize, even if Nazi party leaders obscure the fact with demagogic oratory, that Germany's economic resources and those of her probable allies will be inferior to the resources of the powers allied against her—unless by some miracle Britain is won over or remains neutral. Colossal efforts have been made by Nazi militarists to achieve such military superiority in Europe that a quick and easy triumph could be gained over nations less prepared, less regimented, less able to mobilize and strike unexpectedly and speedily.

But these other powers have rapidly increased their armaments too, and are vigilant. Germany can hope for military success only if the entire nation can be put on a war basis and all her resources organized to sustain a protracted war without the peril of an early collapse from within. The population as well as the leaders must be assured of the prospect of victory. The German army staff is preparing for a conflict that they estimate will last for two or three years. Hence the question of maintaining morale for this period becomes decisive.

There is abundant evidence that the Nazis are clearly aware of the importance of morale. It appears in every speech of the Nazi leaders, and in the new German Army Handbook of Military Science, issued in 1936, one finds this:

> The more an army is transformed from a body of mercenaries into a people's army, the more does the spirit of the people become the decisive factor. . . . Even the best of arms are useless if no one is able and willing to use them. . . . The surest means of testing the morale of a body of soldiers is their morale after a defeat. . . .

Hitler and his regime strenuously seek to impress the world with the ardent patriotism and readiness to fight and die gloriously for the Nazi Fatherland of a united people, as enthusiastic about Nazi ideals as the Führer himself. Foreign observers are generally impressed by the spectacles staged by the Nazis, the gigantic parades and regimented cheering and the nationalist spirit aroused by a tremendous state propaganda machine—even among kindergarten children.

The superficial facts cited by Nazis as proof of the strength of the "new Germany" do not reflect the actual situation. To one who knows intimately the life and feelings of the masses, and especially of the youth under the Third Reich, the contrast between Nazi theory and practice, the naïveté of many who have written about Germany is astonishing. The state machine can compel its subjects to obey its decrees but it cannot create high morale by coercion.

The fact is that the army chiefs are dissatisfied with the spirit manifested by the German people, the morale of new recruits. It is their business to be informed and they know that the economic suffering and insecurity endured under compulsion by the masses, and experienced at an early age by the youth, are not conducive to resolute morale.

Among middle-class youth the anxiety to escape drudgery at low wages and to find economic security in a party or state job leads many to become careerists at the age of fourteen or fifteen, surrendering personal integrity and independent thinking. But this road is open to only a minority. The bureaucracy is top-heavy, and it cannot be expanded indefinitely. Those youngsters who fail to reach this goal,

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who become professional soldiers, do so not because they are patriotic but because there is no alternative.

"Economic security" still is the main concern of the German middle classes because they are driven into professions in which their positions are extremely insecure. The number of state officials permanently employed under the Nazi regime has decreased, while the number of those who are temporarily employed and who may be dismissed at short notice has considerably grown. A recent Nazi publication made a statement about the present situation of the German middle classes:

> Proletarianization of the middle classes goes on incessantly. At first it produced a stronger anti-proletarian movement, in contradiction to socialist hopes. It has, however, driven the majority of the German people into a more conscious hostility to the capitalist system.[1]

Any fascist regime can always mobilize plenty of mercenaries, unscrupulous adventurers, slum proletarians, sons of ruined middle-class families who do not care what they are fighting for or against. Formerly, the Reichswehr recruited its soldiers mainly from "reliable" nationalist middle-class families. The new army is composed largely of sons of working-class families—an essential fact to be remembered in any estimate of Nazi army morale in the next war.

A young worker is apprenticed usually at the age of fourteen or fifteen. At the end of his apprenticeship, at seventeen or eighteen, the young German worker must give a year to the Labor Service—hard, monotonous work, military discipline and drill, without pay. Then he has to serve two years in the army at 10½ marks (less than $2 buying power) monthly. Then, returning to civilian life, he is faced with the serious problem of earning a living—and he finds it extremely difficult to find work he likes and is fitted for, having forgotten most of what he learned as an apprentice.

Fascism has not remedied those conditions, which drove the German middle class and peasantry, many workers and especially the youth, in desperation, to the support of Hitler. They are still desperate. They are still discontented. Their morale is low, despite the elaborate shows the Nazis stage.

The old Prussian methods have been reintroduced into the army. Cruel and monotonous drill, stupidly mechanical discipline, severe punishments for infraction of meaningless rules, help to extinguish independent or critical thinking; but these methods also extinguish spirit. As economic difficulties become more acute in the Third Reich and class antagonism develops to a higher degree, the necessity grows for mechanical discipline worse than the pre-war Prussian militarists ever dared impose.

Some time after conscription was enforced, I traveled through Germany, and was able to examine reports from non-official sources about army life, written by young soldiers to their relatives and friends; these reports all emphasize the fact that the rank and file are on bad terms with their officers and are disillusioned as to the romanticism of soldiering. A typical letter from someone I know to be cautious and critical in his judgment reads:

> The soldiers of the motorized sections of the army are mostly skilled workers, many metal workers among them. This is the case with the Fifth Armored Car Regiment stationed at Wuensdorf near Berlin. The service is extremely hard and exhausting. Many technical experiments are made at the cost of the soldiers. Accidents are frequent. Discipline is maintained in the Prussian manner—terrible punishments, abuses, endless and monotonous drill ordered by the sergeants and petty officers. Soldiers often say it is worse than it could have been in the old Prussian army. There isn't a soldier in our company who is not discontented. They all hate the system of discipline. The sergeants tried to break the solidarity of the men by suggesting that they maltreat raw recruits or men unable to go through all the drill exercises properly and who therefore "spoiled the reputation" of the company and brought extra drill upon all the men. In pre-war times such soldiers, often peasants' sons, were mercilessly beaten by special guards at midnight "to improve discipline." The suggestion of the sergeants to reintroduce such methods was received with indignation by the men.

One should not exaggerate the significance of such reports. Nor should we underestimate the power of a tremendous propaganda machine to arouse wild patriotism and enthusiasm for war. But the question is: can a totalitarian dictatorship arouse a people and maintain morale more effectively than a country which has not completely abandoned democratic forms?

If Germany starts another war the government might once again lead millions of soldiers to the battlefields overnight, but it cannot arouse a fighting spirit in the army and in the civilian population—the willingness to endure the extremes of suffering that a protracted war will inevitably bring. How long could the Nazis maintain morale? Germany started the War in 1914 with a people well fed and clothed and inexperienced in violent class struggle. During the first years of the War they willingly put up with the privations of *ersatz* food and clothing as a temporary sacrifice to the Fatherland.

The German General Staff and the Hitler regime in the first year of another war would have to cope with a situation far more difficult than the one the German government faced in the last two years of the World War, with disillusion and discontent on a mass scale, with sabotage and revolt in various forms, with insurrection threatening the army from the rear as in 1917-18, and menacing the best laid plans of the General Staff. G. REIMANN.

This is the first of two articles on the morale of the Nazis. The second, to be published in an early issue, will discuss military strategy and the relations among army leaders, party leaders and economic dictators.—THE EDITORS.

[1] Winkelamm (National Socialist), "Struktur des Deutschen Wirtschaftslebens" in "Die Deutsch Agrarpolitik," Vol. II, p. 27.

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Reading While You Run

An Exercise in Translation from English into English

EVERY once in a while, in the orthodox press, there is an article in which, at almost every step, you find something said one way and must read it another way. It is something like the "dramatic irony" of classic tragedy: Some character in the play is interpreting the signs to mean *plus,* but the audience with a different frame of reference knows that the signs should be interpreted to mean *minus.* Thus, Oedipus sees cause for boasting in the very disclosures that, as the audience realizes, foretell his downfall.

There is much of such dramatic irony in the news—with the highly unpleasant additional fact that the audience who would read this news differently than it is written is itself implicated in the threatened débâcle of capitalist *hubris.*

A news story on the first page of The Herald Tribune seems to me especially rich in dramatic irony of this disturbing sort. Nearly every passage requires retranslation. A mass of interpolations extensive as "Das Kapital" would be required to make the job complete. I here merely suggest a few of those most obviously called for.

My purpose is to illustrate a situation that we understand in a general way but do not always note in the particular, to show how thoroughly the merest commonplaces of language serve to confuse the criticism of capitalist methods. Propaganda? Capitalist propaganda is so ingrained in our speech that it is as natural as breathing.

Political War
Declared by
Industry to
Halt New Deal

"Industry" is here used as the synonym of "big business." Thus, the most necessary distinction of all is automatically obliterated at the very start. By using "industry" where you mean "big business," you stack the cards to perfection. People know that factories have to be managed; and by using "industry" when you mean "the gatherers of excess profits," you imply that factories can be managed only by adepts in the art of "legal" shakedowns.

Nation's Manufacturers
End Convention Ready
to Fight for a Return
to "American System"

Same device at work in the use of the word "manufacturers." It is a vital boon to capitalism—that delicate usage (graceful and tactful) whereby the man who operates a manufacturing machine is *not* a manufacturer while the man who does *not* operate a manufacturing machine but juggles the dividends for himself and his kind *is* a manufacturer. The confusion gains additional sanctification by being put forward as an essential feature of America. Implied in the "Fight for a Return to 'American System'" there is some such argument as this: If you are wholesome, you love your country; your country is capitalist; therefore, to be wholesome, you must love capitalism. The form looks less convincing if thus made explicit, since it can so easily be parodied: If you are wholesome, you love your country; your country has slums; therefore, to be wholesome, you must love slums.

Platform Calls for
Restoration of Gold

The emotional pull behind the shibboleth of gold goes deep. That profound worshipper of the golden calf, Carter Glass, will be singing of the gold standard in one paragraph, and in the next, before you know it, he is talking about God. Gold would at least be as good a standard as wampum, shells or any other conventionalized form of national IOU promising a man goods in exchange for services. But by devoutly plugging for the standard *per se,* without examining too closely the one-way profit system that makes any standard of promises to pay unworkable, we effectively center the attack upon a symptom and ignore the ill that causes the symptom.

Freedom for Enterprise
Is Demanded as Effort
to Balk Dictatorship
and Collectivism Gains

Here the needs for translation come thick and fast. First note that the phrase "freedom for enterprise" is an effective variant of the "industry-business" identification. If "business" equals "industry," then "promoters" become the same as "managers," and opportunity for excess profits is thus enshrined as "enterprise." Now, since every right-minded person desires freedom for enterprise, we are subtly invited to salute the great monopolists as the guardians of freedom.

"Balk dictatorship." Among the surest devices by which the interests of monopolists are upheld in the name of laissez-faire is the use of this word "dictatorship" when you mean "social legislation." Carry it through, and you get miraculous results. You will find that even a feeble attempt, on the part of our constitutionally elected legislators and administrators, to mitigate distress, raise wage levels, improve housing conditions and the like becomes the work of

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a Hitler or a Mussolini. Watch Walter Lippmann, if you would see how rich a mental life can be built upon this simple confusion. See this suave magician daily put the kerchief of "social legislation" into his hat, make a few magic passes, and lo! out comes the rabbit of "dictatorship."

At the word "collectivism" in the headline my plodding patience fails. It is hard to believe that, in a democracy, such a word could ever be used as the synonym of evil. And it is hard to believe that even the most slovenly of tricksters should try to suggest that the New Deal is collectivist. The roots of the matter, I think, reside in this: *No* administration can, over a long period, conceal the fact that the needs of business are basically at odds with the needs of national welfare. Hence the fascist turn, implicit in the ability to use as a term of reproach so essentially democratic a word as "collectivism." One would expect the demagogues to do exactly the opposite; one would think that even the most reactionary advocates of special privilege would mask their policies under such a word as "collectivism." It is a grim sign when they don't.

Alas! we have only got through the headlines. Obviously, to translate the whole article, brief as it is, would require an encyclopedia. We shall simply give samples of the article itself. It begins:

> Government has gone into business, so business will invade the field of politics, it was determined yesterday by 1,500 industrial leaders and business executives attending the final session of the annual convention of the National Association of Manufacturers at the Commodore.

The effrontery of the notion that business, after patiently suffering in silence through a hundred and fifty years of the Republic, has finally decided to "invade the field of politics" is almost breath-taking. The reporter was doubtless in a hurry. He simply wanted some sort of introduction that would serve to make the oldest story in American history look like something new—but it is disturbing to think that a man whose life work is the collecting of "facts" could begin a story in a great metropolitan daily with so brutal a violation of fact.

> Among those concurring in the decision, which aligns the most powerful commercial interests in the country against the Roosevelt administration, were business men of international reputation, representing billions of invested capital, millions of stockholders and employees.

"Representing billions of invested capital, millions of stockholders and employees." Again variants of the master confusion between "business" and "industry." From this source all capitalist apologetics flow. Later in the piece, by means of this identification, we find these gentlemen "representing" not only the flesh and blood whose services they command in their factories, but also even the unemployed, the flesh and blood they keep out of their factories.

But we shall not go on. My theme is an old one, well understood by many. I simply thought of showing by painful literalness how incessant the barrage against the criticism of capitalism is. The truly effective work is not done by some crude blast in an editorial by Hearst; that helps, to be sure, but the real confusion is kept alive by this modest tithing, this gentle, almost imperceptible choice of words. The surest way to balk action is to choose words that draw lines at the wrong places. And the very core of the strategy, I think, as Veblen made clear and Karl Marx before him, resides in the identification of "business" with "industry." Thus, we can have incessant palavers by business men about the ways of getting our factories going. They can be perplexed and earnest and noble and organization-loving and resolve-making, all for the good of the country, and the country can sit trembling and praying that they will make wise decisions for us. And all the time the one basic fact goes unregarded: The fact that, if their special interests as *business men* were ruled out today, our factories could resume operation at capacity tomorrow. But once you allow a *promoter* to look like a *manager,* once you allow the *channelization of profits* to mean the same thing as *control of production,* you are in for the same old fabulous swing from Republicans to Democrats and from Democrats to Republicans.

And the words by which they advocate the swing from one to the other are precisely the words that keep the people from getting rid of them both. History is a skilled dramatist, with dramatic irony as the main feature of the plot.

KENNETH BURKE.

Slow Boone

Call it our land, our valleys, but not ours
Got by our fathers' guns and Piutes slain,
Until a slower haste of continent
Wins twice to west across the brimming plain.

O quick compatriots, now is the need
To reap a secret in the acre sealed
Untouched by prairie rage or primitive.
Say truth is deeper than the battlefield.

Say all sure things that fever overtakes
Win to the greenest goal by their own powers.
Say patience like the burning of a rock
Turns passion, then will the land be ours.

Then will the native heart be cleared for use,
The horny miles run inward to the mind
And the blood's visionary length at last
Be in the poet's actual vein refined.

His then a continent to sensitize,
His the blue land not plowed by pioneers,
His the last newcoming the plains will know,
A slow Boone quietly fingering frontiers.

HILDEGARDE FLANNER.

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Japan's "Divine Mission"

"WE SHALL build our Capital all over the world, and make the whole world our dominion."

So reads the rescript of the Emperor Jimmu, supposed to have been issued by him upon the founding of the Japanese Empire 2,600 years ago.

Concerning this rescript, the modern Japanese military textbook known as "The Army Reader" says: "This rescript has been given to our race and to our troops as an everlasting categorical imperative."

Those who see Japan only as a greedy and aggressive nation bent upon conquest for her own material advantage miss the real character of Japan. Her crusade is essentially religious and spiritual. The Japanese are a strongly spiritual people. Not only is the blacksmithing of a sword a formal religious ceremony, but even the most menial sort of work is carried out in a more or less religious frame of mind. Said Francis Xavier: "The nation . . . surpasses in goodness any of the nations ever discovered. They are wonderfully desirous of honor, which is placed above everything else."

This great pride, if not conceit, in goodness and honor leads Japan to the conviction that she has been celestially appointed to save the world.

So enormous a sense of responsibility toward the world is fantastic only until we look at the reasons back of it. Those reasons are diligently drilled into the mind of every child of the Empire. He grows up believing with every fiber of his being that:

> Japan is the only divine land.
> Japan's Emperor is the only divine Emperor.
> Japan's people are the only divine people.
> Therefore Japan must be the light of the world.
> Q.E.D.

First as to the land. The Scriptures of the Hebrews (who also claimed to be the Chosen People) assert that God created the earth. Of course that does not make the earth divine. The Japanese do much better than that. God did not merely create the islands of Japan . . . he *begot* them. As explained in the early chronicles, the gods Izanagi and Izanami, uniting in marriage, gave birth to the Japanese islands and to other gods and goddesses. The islands themselves are divine beings. Therefore these favored lands, God's children, are totally different from the rest of the earth, God's footstool.

Then as to the Emperor: The heavenly pair who begot the islands also gave birth to the Sun Goddess, Amaterasu, whose descendants ruled Japan. The first Emperor was the deity Jimmu Tenno, who is said to have assumed the throne 2,600 years ago.

Higher criticism reduces the period to about two thousand years—but even at that the antiquity of Japan's imperial family is without parallel. This is the world's oldest reigning dynasty. Not only that, but it has the longest clearly established genealogy known among mortals. Men naturally respect great age. The respect is increased when those respected are not only venerable but honorable. Japan's rulers have done nothing to forfeit the confidence of the people. They have never been self-seeking. Monarchy perished in most of Europe because of the selfish conflicts between one dynastic family and another for the throne. In Japan there has never been a dynastic war. As Fuji is calmly Fuji without trying to be, so the ruling house has remained constant not through any desire of its own but because all this was ordained before time began.

Great age and great goodness are natural attributes of godhead. Therefore it is not in the least strange that those who guide Japan's thought have been able to maintain the faith of the public in the divinity of their ruler. The name "Emperor" for this ruler is a misnomer. The Japanese, of course, do not call him Emperor, but refer to him as Tenno, the Heavenly King. He is not to be classed for a moment with the emperors and kings of this world.

"The Sacred Throne was established at the time when the heavens and the earth became separated," wrote the great Prince Ito in his "Commentaries on the Constitution." "The Emperor is heaven-descended, divine and sacred."

This doctrine is repeated in all official statements, in the standard "History of Middle Schools," in "Instructions to Teachers," in the textbook of ethics for use in all primary schools. Philosophers, writers, lawyers, all preach this religion. They must preach it—or say nothing. Even great Western-educated liberals such as the late Inazo Nitobe refer to the Emperor as "the bodily representative of Heaven on earth."

And it is amazing that in recent years while other faiths have been crumbling, this one has grown stronger. For thirty years the view of Professor Minobe that the Throne was an organ of the government passed unchallenged. It was embodied in his textbook used in all law schools. In 1935 the army charged him with *lèse majesté*. His books were banned, he was disgraced, shorn of office, and barely escaped imprisonment or death. And the government issued a statement reminding the people once more that the Throne, far from being a part of the government, was over and above it, the supreme ruling authority, by right of divine descent from the Sun Goddess.

But Japanese divinity does not stop with the land and the Emperor. The people themselves par-

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take of it. The earliest inhabitants of Japan were gods; and from them descended the present *Yamato* race, *Seed of the Sun.* All other mortals are of a lower order. Says the "History for Middle Schools," "Such a national character is without a parallel throughout the world."

"From the fact of the divine descent of the Japanese people," says the Japanese scholar Hirata, "proceeds their immeasurable superiority to the natives of other countries in courage and intelligence."

If Japan is begotten of God, if her Emperor is the only heavenly king on this planet, if her people are the elect of mankind, there is only one logical conclusion. Japan is sent to save the world.

"Only the realization that the one and absolute sovereignty is vested in Heaven, and that, on behalf of Heaven, a certain nation shall be entrusted with the performance of this sovereignty for the benefit of all mankind, can pave the way to final world peace and international coöperation."

This declaration that world peace can come only through Japanese sovereignty was written not by a super-heated chauvinist but by the sober and respected political scientist, Professor Chikao Fujisawa, in his "Japanese and Oriental Political Philosophy."

"It is now most clear that the salvation of the entire human race is the mission of our Empire," writes Dr. Uesugi Shinkichi. He pictures the sad state of the nations and concludes: "If all the human race should come to look up to the virtue of our Emperor and live under that influence, then there would be light for the future of humanity. Thus the world can be saved from destruction. . . . Of a truth, great is the mission of our nation."

Such statements are not at all absurd when one considers the veneration of the Japanese for their "heavenly king," the only divine ruler on earth. Nor is the conception of right to rule over all a new freak of human imagination. It is as old as history. Egypt claimed universal sovereignty. The rulers of Babylon regarded the whole world as their responsibility. The Emperor of Rome recognized no limits to his authority.

Such sovereignty is thought of as benign. Enemy nations think of Japan as thirsting for blood, lying in wait to leap upon the world and rend it limb from limb. On the contrary, Japan, in her role as Heaven's agent, thinks of herself as a savior and a blessing.

With our materialistic Western eyes we may see nothing but cant in the following statement—yet those who know its author, Yosuke Matsuoka, outspoken statesman and chief of the great South Manchurian Railway, cannot doubt that he spoke with intense sincerity:

"It is my conviction that the mission of the *Yamato* race is to prevent the human race from becoming devilish, to rescue it from destruction and lead it to the world of light. In the light of this mission, we cannot afford to copy the Western civilization which is about to perish."

Count Futura, yearning over mankind, declared in the House of Peers that the racial spirit of Japan alone can save the world from the chaos into which it has fallen, and demanded that the government state its policy for salvaging world thought. The then Foreign Minister, the worldly-wise Mr. Sato, former Ambassador to Paris, replied gravely that the government recognized the need and was devoting great effort to "overseas development of our culture and manifestation of the Japanese spirit abroad."

It is a religious passion. Therefore it is not surprising that religious cults have adopted it. Even some Japanese Christians see sense in it. The Reverend Miyazaki, former secretary of the Japan Council of Christian Churches, says:

> I believe that Japan is ordained as the Kingdom of God. . . . If Jesus, who made a pilgrimage to the Jewish temple at Jerusalem on the occasion of the Passover every year, had happened to live in Japan, He would have made the yearly pilgrimage to the Grand Shrine of Ise as His Heavenly Father's abode.

This would mean that Jesus would do homage to the former Emperors of Japan and their "divine ancestress," Amaterasu. These are the gods enshrined at Ise.

Japan is "the root of the world," according to Tenrikyo, the leading sect of Shinto, with 4,000,000 adherents. Japan is "the elder brother among the nations" destined to teach the rest. Tenrikyo's Holy City at Tambaichi is "the center of the world." The human race was born there. Some day it will return to pay homage. The sacred literature of Tenrikyo reveals that

> When Japan shall be empowered with the Holy Faith,
> She will pacify other peoples as seems good to her.
>
> Hereafter Japan shall command foreign powers.
> Mark it well, all of you!
>
> They have been called hitherto Japan and foreign lands;
> Hereafter there shall be naught but Japan!

The religious patriotism of Japan centers in the army. There it burns at whitest heat. And the people have faith in their army. In fact it shares in a peculiar sense the sanctity of the Emperor.

Japan is an extraordinary combination of theocracy and democracy. The order of authority is as follows:

The Emperor
The Army

The People
The Diet
The Cabinet
The Premier

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The Premier is the servant of the Cabinet, the Cabinet of the Diet, the Diet of the people. But above all this democratic structure, as heaven is above earth, is the ultimate power, the Emperor, together with the chiefs of the General Staff and the Ministers of War and Marine, who answer to him alone and dispense his judgments to the people. They are the people's high priests to the God-Emperor.

Whether or not this is autocracy, it is certainly theocracy. For without the divinity of the Emperor, his authority would be minimized as in all other monarchies, and the power of the army would crumble. This explains the army's anxiety over the Minobe theory defining the Emperor as an organ of the government. The reëstablishment in 1935 of the Emperor as a heaven-sent ruler made the army impregnable, and enabled it to go forward in 1937 to the castigation of China without fear of having its purposes crossed by the Diet and the cautious industrialists who control it.

Another reason for calling Japan's army rule a theocracy rather than an autocracy lies in the attitude of the army toward the people. It is not an autocratic attitude. The army is made up of farm boys, and even when elevated to godhead its sympathies and affections are of the soil. The people have learned to trust its sincerity, if not always its judgment. The self-seeking of politicians further turns the people to the army. They know that its only thought is the glory of Nippon. They see the soldier as a Galahad, with the strength of ten because his heart is pure.

State Shinto requires every Japanese to worship at military shrines—and thus reverence for the army as well as for the Emperor is inspired. Dead soldiers are deified by the Emperor himself in special ceremonies. The souls of these dead are supposed to be fighting with the living in China today. The army flag is the only Japanese flag allowed to carry the imperial chrysanthemum crest and the Emperor's signature; signs that the Emperor himself, as invisible deity, is fighting with his troops. White hairs of the Sacred Horse of Ise miraculously appear in the pockets of soldiers, proving that they are favored of God. When winds changed at Shanghai, making possible a landing, it was an act of Providence, just as was the typhoon that stopped Kublai Khan when he sought to invade Japan. The Japanese army is identified with divine power.

Therefore it becomes understandable that the army is regarded and regards itself as a messenger of peace and benediction to the world. As General Araki has pointed out, the first Emperor, Jimmu, "organized a vast expedition against those who would not submit to good rule." The task of imposing good rule upon the earth is not yet finished. The Imperial Ancestress justified Japanese expansion when she sent gods from Japan to other lands to transform them into countries where men could live in peace. "It was the will of our Ancestress," says General Araki, "that a paradise should be made of chaos, and the work of building up the country was extended abroad, which is very significant."

Japan's modern samurai are stimulated by imperio-religious statements such as this by Dr. Kakehi:

> The center of this world is Japan. From this center we must expand the Great Spirit throughout the world. . . . The expansion of Japan throughout the world and the elevation of the entire world into the Land of the Gods is the urgent business of the present, and again, it is our eternal and unchanging object.

The sacrosanct Status Quo, like a pagan idol, may be upset by this crusade. The War Office declares:

> The basic principles for the establishment of world peace should be the rational distribution or redistribution of territories, resources and population. . . . To bring together all the races of the world into one happy accord has been the ideal and the national aspiration of the Japanese since the very foundation of their Empire. We deem this the great mission of the Japanese race to the world. We also aspire to make a clean sweep of injustice and inequity from the earth and to bring about everlasting happiness among mankind.

Now, these are fine words. And I think we must admit there is some fine feeling behind them. There is something fine about any passionate religionist—and something dangerous too. Particularly when he believes with Mahomet that the sword is the key of heaven and hell. It is possible, however, that the sword will retire, as an instrument of Japanese national policy, when Japan's material needs are met. Japan may, in truth, prove a great force some day in world unification. For she is, more than any other nation on earth, a combination of East and West.

In the dawn of history the forefathers of mankind struck out from their birthplace somewhere in Central Asia, and went east and west. The Pacific halted the eastward pioneers. Those migrating westward reached Europe; Columbus, seeking rich Zipangu (Japan) fabled by Marco Polo, continued westward until stopped by America. But Commodore Perry thought of his expedition as a completion of the voyage of Columbus. As stated in Perry's "Narrative," he sought to fulfill the wish of Columbus "to bring Zipangu within the influence of European civilization."

Thus the two branches of the human race finally met in Japan. And in a very peculiar and extraordinary sense, Japan has proved the mental meeting place of all civilizations. If out of this synthesis there does not come some widely pervasive effect it will be strange indeed. Tagore saw in Japanese civilization the element of the universal. The world can use a little universality to advantage; and if time modifies the Nipponese crusade, making it less militant and more cultural, less the elevation of a world-emperor and more the spread of a world accord, she can do a real service in helping to wipe out the petty nationalism that is today plaguing most nations, including Japan.

Kanagawa, Japan. WILLARD PRICE.

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Shoot the Works

How Broun Became a Red—Spargo to Carver to Speaker—Baseball Supplied the Answers—Laissez-Faire Worked at Harvard

TELL ME, Mr. Broun," said the young lady to my right, "how did you happen to become a Red?"

Assuming that her question was sincere, I proceeded to tell her in my own words which, by a fortunate coincidence, happened to be just sufficient to fill one page of The New Republic when printed in this type.

The first person to tempt me to the left was a Vermont Republican named John Spargo who wrote mildly Marxian tracts years ago when I was very young. Had there been more violence in his views or in his presentation I might have scurried home, but he was as soft spoken as any curate and he succeeded in sneaking up on me. Later, in college, Lippmann asked me to join the Socialist Club, and as I had failed to make either Gas House or Fly I yielded to his blandishments.

But commitment was not yet complete. The way of retreat still lay open. It was Professor Carver of the Harvard faculty and Tris Speaker, center fielder of the Boston Red Sox, who closed the door and left me locked in the hall of heresy. Possibly an assist should be scored for a particularly salubrious spring which came to New England in 1908. The good bald economist gave a course which might be roughly described as "radical panaceas and their underlying fallacies." Professor Carver introduced these crack-brained notions in the fall and winter semesters and then proceeded to demolish them in the spring and early summer.

Faithful to the Harvard tradition of fair play, the Professor gave the revolutionaries an ample amount of rope. Indeed, he did not undertake to state the case himself for the various aberrant philosophies, but invited a leader of each school of thought to tell all from his particular point of view. The soap boxes were carried openly into the class room and mounted by the orators. Men with burning causes are generally more eloquent than cloistered dons and there was not a single visitor who could not talk rings around Professor Carver.

We had an anarchist, a socialist, a syndicalist, a single-taxer and a few other theorists whose special lines escape me now with the passing of the years. The single-taxer was a little on the dull side, but all the others sparkled. It may be that I was more susceptible than my fellow students, for I must report that I hit the sawdust trail at each and every lecture in the creation of a united front against the capitalist system.

In other courses it was my custom to draw starfish in my notebook and jot down reminders such as: "Be sure and get Osmond Fraenkel for the poker game tonight." But under Carver I took notes as long as the cavalcade of visiting firemen was on. Later I would peruse the book and find entries such as "Born 1839—died 1897," "unearned increase in land values," "P. J. Proudhon," "Five dollars ($5) with Horseface McCarthy Dartmouth doesn't beat us by two touchdowns." And I used to wonder what some of the notations could possibly mean. But I paid closer attention than ever until the last galoot had reached the shore and Carver went up into the pilot house.

At this point spring broke through. It had been a tough winter. Dartmouth did beat us by two touchdowns and Osmond Fraenkel, who was a mathematical shark, had just become wise to the fact that it doesn't pay to draw to inside straights. I had failed to make The Harvard Crimson after my third try. But gone was the winter of our discontent and now it was Professor Carver's turn to haul us back from the pie counter of the sky and put our feet again upon the good earth and the law of supply and demand.

Carver was at bat but, as luck would have it, so was Tris Speaker. Spring can come up like thunder in Massachusetts. One day all the elms of the yard may be cased in ice and the next you read that the Boston Red Sox are opening the season against the Athletics. Tris Speaker, just up from the Texas League, was the particular star of the greatest outfield trio that has ever been gathered together. Speaker and Duffy Lewis and Harry Hooper—that was a united front. For a little while I tried to give Professor Carver an even break. Naturally I missed his first blast for the cause of conservatism because that particular lecture conflicted with the opening game. Still I did ask a fellow scholar what went on and he lent me his notebook. He seemed to have boiled the discourse down to the bone because all he had written was, "Adam Smith was Scotch and died before the industrial revolution—look this up in the library. He approached economics from the side of ethics and believed in laissez-faire, which means 'anything goes.' 'Has anybody here seen Kelly?' "

I decided that in all fairness to my parents, who were paying for my education, I should attend some of the lectures myself and so in the beginning I made it a rigorous rule to give only three afternoons a week to the Red Sox and the other three to Professor Carver. But on a certain Wednesday, which was a baseball afternoon, Tris Speaker made a home run, two triples and a double. In addition he went all the way back to the flagpole in center field and speared a drive with his gloved hand while still on the dead run. Two innings later he charged in for a low liner and made the catch by sliding the last twenty feet on his stomach. Professor Carver couldn't do that. I had seen him stand on his head in the class room but never did he slide on his stomach. Even at such times as he got to base it was my impression that he had profited by an error or made a lucky-handle hit. Tris Speaker was batting .348 and Carver wasn't hitting the size of his hat. At times he did dig his toes in and take his full cut at the ball, but never when I was around did he succeed in knocking socialism over the fence.

Adam Smith had died in 1790 and Professor Carver wasn't getting any younger. I got hold of "The Wealth of Nations" and learned that to Smith laissez-faire meant "the obvious and simple system of natural liberty." And so in the books I read no more then, and not very much later.

I just went completely laissez-faire and never missed any of the remaining games. The arguments for the radical theories I had heard, but I never got around to hearing the answers. Tris Speaker had thrown Carver out at the plate because the Professor forgot to slide. And I went out into the world the fervent follower of all things red, including the Boston Red Sox.

HEYWOOD BROUN.

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Washington Notes

What the Elections Go to Show—A Governor for New York—The CIO's Miscalculation in Detroit—Mr. Kennedy Backs Water

THE PROFESSIONAL politicians here found last week's elections immensely interesting. The most important happening, by general agreement, was the success of the American Labor Party in New York City. Next in significance were the CIO's victories in Pittsburgh and the coal-and-steel counties of western Pennsylvania. If it becomes necessary to establish a third party in 1940, the foundations for it have been laid in the two largest industrial states.

Last week's hero was Mr. LaGuardia. Professionals here believe the New York City triumph was due as much to Mr. LaGuardia's adroitness as to the faithful pavement-pounding and doorbell-ringing of union members. In Detroit, a greater proportion of the voters were unionists, and yet in Detroit the labor ticket did only moderately well. Proud of their calling, professional politicians say that the difference can be explained by the fact that Mr. LaGuardia is an inspired campaigner, while Judge Patrick H. O'Brien was colorless and dull.

What the professionals want to know, of course, is whether Mr. LaGuardia must now be accounted a 1940 presidential candidate. About this, they are painfully puzzled. If it were possible to score politicians as baseball players are scored, Mr. LaGuardia would probably be ranked as top American player. His batting percentage, all things considered, is on a par with Mr. Roosevelt's, and the errors listed against him are fewer. But on what party's ticket is he to run? He is being talked of as a third-party candidate, but what about the third-party groups of the Northwest? They have their own candidates, and would accept an Eastern city feller with reluctance, although they would be overjoyed to have him as vice-presidential nominee. Despite the votes the New York City Republicans gave Mr. LaGuardia in last week's election, the Republicans nationally will certainly not support him. Could he then, be the candidate of the Roosevelt-New Deal Democrats? It is this possibility that gave extraordinary interest to Mr. LaGuardia's meeting with the President the day after his victory.

Most professionals here think that the meeting was no more than a Rooseveltian happy thought. It is doubted that any sort of an alliance was formed, since one day later Boss Edward J. Flynn of the Bronx visited Mr. Roosevelt at the White House, and came away apparently satisfied—as he would not have been if Mr. LaGuardia were henceforth to be the New Deal protégé. Perhaps even more significant, there have been no visible signs of anxiety or distress among the recognized, or legitimate, crown princes, Mr. Henry A. Wallace, Mr. Harry L. Hopkins and Mr. George H. Earle.

However, the problem is anything but academic. Ten months from now, in September, 1938, the New York nominations for Governor will be made, and the New York governorship is a well worn step to the presidency. It seems inconceivable that Mr. LaGuardia would take the gubernatorial nomination from the reactionary state Republican machine, although, for the sake of victory, the Republicans may offer it to him. On the other hand, Mr. LaGuardia's nomination by the Democrats could not be accomplished without the prior extinction of Mr. Flynn and his fellow bosses, and it would mean humiliation, if not *rigor mortis,* for Postmaster General Farley. What makes the situation especially thorny, however, is that if Mr. LaGuardia does not run for Governor, the Republicans will almost inevitably nominate his youthful fellow candidate of last week, Mr. Thomas Dewey, New York's new district attorney. Moreover, if Mr. LaGuardia and the American Labor Party do not then desert their former comrade and actively help the Democrats defeat him, he is very likely to be elected, thus becoming a Republican white hope for 1940.

Mr. Dewey's future is by no means an unimportant problem. The American Labor Party is in some measure responsible for raising him to the stature of a national political figure. If he is nominated for the governorship by the Republicans, what decision should the American Labor Party take? Mr. Dewey is credited here with possessing great sympathy for the objectives of organized labor. Yet it is perhaps superficially startling that a member of the Bankers' Club in New York, as Mr. Dewey is, should be one of the earliest beneficiaries of labor's new-found political unity.

One solution of this problem would be to have Senator Wagner, whose term expires next year, run for Governor on a Democratic-American Labor Party ticket. Despite Mr. Wagner's support of Mr. Mahoney—the friend of his youth and his law partner—in the New York mayoralty fight, the American Labor Party could legitimately endorse him next year in preference to Mr. Dewey. It is widely thought, however, that Mr. Wagner is anxious to return to the Senate, and would enter the governorship race with great reluctance. Another New Deal possibility is Assistant Attorney General Robert H. Jackson. But although Mr. Jackson has been one of the most brilliant and useful members of the Roosevelt administration, he is relatively unknown to the mass of voters, and Mr. Dewey would probably defeat him.

The misfortunes of Judge O'Brien in Detroit did not surprise CIO officials here, and it must be said that the election has not enhanced the prestige of Mr. Homer Martin, the Leaping Parson. Mr. Martin seems to have fallen a victim of arithmetic. Many weeks ago, Mr. Martin totaled up the number of union members in Detroit, approximately 125,000, and made the seemingly conservative calculation that each member could produce from among his relatives one and a half other votes. This gave Mr. Martin a grand total of 312,500, or a safe majority. Unfortunately, however, he failed to foresee the unholy wiles of the corporation Philistines. In contrast, the CIO officials point to their success in selecting Mayors Scully of Pittsburgh, Malloy of Duquesne and Mullen of Clairton. There the work was under the guidance of Mr. John L. Lewis' mine workers, who are old hands at electioneering.

Mr. Joseph P. Kennedy, chairman of the Maritime Commission, appears to be ready to back water in the "Algic" case. As this is written, it seems certain that the

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"Algic's" crew will not be tried for "mutiny," although indictments for breach of discipline, a lesser crime, hang over their heads. Temporarily at least, Mr. Kennedy has ceased publicly blackguarding the National Maritime Union. This apparent retreat is a victory for the CIO, but there can be no peace until the prosecution of the "Algic's" crew has ceased, and Mr. Kennedy makes an honest effort to reach an understanding with the workers' leaders.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Wall Street Insiders Press the Anti-SEC Campaign —They Need the Public's Trade—Can the Administration Keep Its Head?

IT IS perhaps misleading to apply the word "conspiracy" to some of the phenomena now current in Wall Street. The word suggests dark-visaged men, sitting about in an ill lit chamber, canvassing among themselves the items in some evil program. It has long seemed to me that the massive minds around Broad and Wall are forever being given credit for more sapience than they possess and that very often what may look like a darkly concerted stratagem is little more than the normal reaction of a lot of selfish men acting in unison, not so much through conscious design as in obedience to their natural appetites.

Something like this is under way now. But there is a little more to it than that. There are two or three obstacles in the way of Wall Street money-getting which they would like to brush out of their path. The Wall Street crack-up has set all the tongues down in that district to wagging about the destructive effect of the SEC rules, high margins, limitations on the trading of executives, the capital-gains tax and the corporate-surplus tax. If only these damnable barriers to recovery could be wiped out! It is the most natural thing in the world that the whole Street and, in fact, the denizens of all the little Wall Streets, should set off a clamor about this.

But this time there is something more than this natural crying aloud of a lot of people about something on which they think alike. I'm afraid that there is a teeny bit of conspiracy about it and that the Stock Exchange and the investment bankers are busy night and day with a drive to get rid of the capital-gains tax, the limitations upon the trades of insiders and the margin rules of the Reserve Board. They have made a very considerable success on the third point, largely, it would seem, because the Reserve Board has become frightened at the prospect of a depression.

It must be remembered that practically all of the Wall Street fortunes are made with three implements—the opportunity for insiders to trade in their own shares, the gain in capital values and the ease with which the public that pays the bills may be lured into the stock market with low margin money.

Few of these Wall Street promoters or bankers or brokers get rich by creating wealth. The notion that they take an unjust share of the wealth they help to create is quite unfounded. They do not specialize in the creation of wealth. Henry Ford and John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie amassed great fortunes by setting up huge machines to produce wealth and then taking for themselves more than their just shares. But at least they did guide and manage the process of creating wealth. The financial fortunes, however, are made by men who do not even do that. They are derived from the process of capital gain, capital increment, and unearned increment at that.

Mr. X is the president of a large corporation. He knows its innermost secrets. What is more, his intimates are also corporation executives. They sit perhaps on one another's boards of directors. They know better than the man in the street when good news is going to push its shares up and when bad news is going to press them down in the market. Mr. X is therefore in an excellent position to make a great deal of money trading in the shares of his own corporation and in those of his friends.

The simple truth is that most of the fortunes are made by this means. Mr. X will not get dangerously rich on his salary of $100,000 a year. He spends that much on his homes, his clubs, his travels, his luxuries. He will not get rich on his dividends. His shortest road to wealth is in trading in shares with his insider's opportunities. That is where his millions come from. His greatest wealth comes out of his capital gains captured largely through his market trades.

Of course he will not make so much this way if the people—the dear old public—are not able to trade too, if the markets are thin and inactive. What he requires are active markets, plenty of people pressing into them. And this is quite impossible unless the brokers are permitted to lend on very favorable terms to the public traders.

Is it not, therefore, quite clear that what these men want most is the right to trade in their shares, a well financed public to trade with and an opportunity to make and keep the capital gains thus open to them?

Therefore they want to mitigate the severity of the SEC rules which make it difficult for insiders to trade in their own shares; they want margins kept low so that the public may trade with them and they want the capital-gains tax abolished, or almost abolished, so that they may enjoy the fruits of these operations without paying taxes on them.

Therefore a wild clamor goes up from Wall Street. A lot of perfectly honest-minded people are convinced that the clamor is justified. A lot of editors yield to the persuasion. A lot of business men accept the pretension that the elimination of these destructive measures is essential to recovery. At this moment the men who are whipping up this hysteria about capital gains and insiders' trading are getting away with their argument.

The truth is that the administration in Washington is genuinely disturbed. Some members of it in high place are thoroughly frightened. They think they see another depression in the offing and the rabbit herd sadly depleted. There is a little element of panic in their weakness about this drive for the lowering of margins, the mitigation of the capital-gains tax and the rules against executives' trading.

It might be wise to warn them, however, that they would do well to go slow about the capital-gains tax at least. It will not be easy to explain to poor old George W. Public why his income derived from his work is taxed while the income of his corporation friends derived from their stock gambling is not taxed. JOHN T. FLYNN.

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Gods, Golden Lads and Girls

Amphitryon 38, by Jean Giraudoux, adapted by S. N. Behrman. Music composed and conducted by S. L. M. Barlow. Shubert Theatre, November 1, 1937.

I'd Rather Be Right, by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart. Music by Richard Rodgers. Lyrics by Lorenz Hart. Alvin Theatre, November 2, 1937.

Golden Boy, by Clifford Odets. Belasco Theatre, November 4, 1937.

NOT FOR a long time has our theatre seen an event of such complete style—such chic too—as may be found in the Lunts' "Amphitryon 38" production, sponsored by the Theatre Guild. The acting of Miss Fontanne and Mr. Lunt, the music of Mr. Barlow, Mr. Simonson's settings, Madame Valentina's costumes, the rapport evident among the company, and Mr. Behrman's writing, are all notable parts of a notable whole. To find all these achievements in a single production is one of those theatre things scarcely to be hoped for.

M. Giraudoux's idea in choosing his title is that his version of the tale is about the thirty-eighth—a clever enough slant that is—and someone has said that this one, after Mr. Behrman's ministrations, should be called the thirty-ninth. But that is not quite true, a great deal of the play remains intact, straight from the French—for example, that fine scene of the kiss and oblivion granted. On the other hand it is true that Mr. Behrman has added divers elements and has made possible in English certain sentences that in the original could not be brought over directly and literally, and that he has done some wise cutting where the remark easily possible in French would in English have turned out distasteful or revolting. It is true also, I think, that no other American or British playwright could have done this writing as Mr. Behrman has done. The finished, the antithetical, the eloquent are within his reach; and he knows how to give through the very cadence an assurance of the intelligent. And he and Miss Fontanne and Mr. Lunt, contriving together in their several aspects, have contrived to deepen the theme to more vital uses, and have explored and dilated the special applications of this classic myth to our times.

As to the situation in the Amphitryon story, there is certainly nothing new in that. The union of god and mortal is common to all mythologies (as well as being, of course, a description of much of our ordinary experience in rapture); and in all redeemer religions the sons of a god and a mortal woman among them—Hercules, Adonis, Tammuz, Balder, Jesus, Osiris—are lifted to the superhuman and even into worship with nothing unfamiliar to us. It so happens that the Amphitryon theme got early into comedy, came through to Rome and her gross people's-dramatist, Plautus, to the French Molière, and on to modern Gallic plots and quips on infidelity. The form of the very legend itself is implicit with classic irony; the play is built on the classic dialectic. In neither of them are we racially quite at home. And though plenty of Continental actors would throw the whole thing off with dash enough, ringing the changes on the central jest or farce of it, the Lunts' approach is anything but that. Without trying to detail just what the dramatist, the Lunts and the translating adapter have severally contributed, we can speak here merely of the fine themes that appear, the invention within what might seem only stereotyped dramatic forms that have come down through the theatre of two thousand years. I mean such motifs as the presentation of Leda as the first star (the moving-picture heroine, as it were) jealously holding on to her myth, nursing the legend of herself, wanting to live it deliberately, and so an easy prey to the designs of the woman who asks only to be human and free to go on to the end; or that delicious motive of Jupiter's annoyance at not roundly and in person impressing this mortal woman, his coming out in his own glory to finish her off; or the development of the Mercury theme echo and prompter, cynical devotee, publicity agent, infatuated with his own enterprise—with what taste and lively wit Mr. Richard Whorf enacts all that!

Unfortunately the first twenty minutes of the play, though they follow closely the French original, throw us off by seeming to promise a romp and snap that do not follow. The problem here is one of continuous tone, which is something far easier to manage in French than in English, but which must be found for "Amphitryon 38." What the piece soon becomes under the hands of Miss Fontanne and Mr. Lunt is, within a shell of farce, a play that deals with the passionate defense of human life even against the deathless privilege of the gods. There is something inviolate in mortality itself. Mortals have night and have death, and they have growing old, together if they are blest, and seeing the new life spring from the life they carry in them. The gods are not only to be glorious outside death, they must pay for their immortality. Jupiter, in the face of this human love and his aggressive desire and power, can neither share nor take away the limitations he has put on mortals; wittily and fatalistically he grants these lovers completeness in their own kind.

With patience and taste Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontanne have slid over places that might have passed for wisecracks and even been guffawed upon as such. To have been salacious, smarty and buffo would have been only too easy. They have preferred to seek instead dignity, a genuine inner rhythm, and distinction, and have accomplished a degree of profound meaning beyond any other play I have seen them do. Only those, perhaps, who know the theatre could know with what work and consideration many of their readings have been discovered and given so secure a projection. At the same time the basis of ironic farce also is maintained throughout the performance. Through skill and repeated experiment and genuine professional conscience there has been achieved a sense of constant struggle between the story's deeper implications and its farcical rebound, and from our sense of this struggle arises a dramatic quality, as well as cerebral kick and entertainment, that is brilliant and expert. It is, however, a quality that is special, to the methods of Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontanne, as they approach and develop the production of a play.

"I'd Rather Be Right" was already so well known from its overwhelming success on the road, before coming to New York, that we need merely to say that, though the second half of the evening falls off considerably, worst of all in the pantomimic inventions, the generous first half establishes such a happy delight, such good sense, caustic humor, carrying lyrics, such effective costumes—by Irene Sharoff

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—and so clever a décor—by Donald Oenslager—not to speak of Mr. Cohan's infallible performance (he very astutely keeps it away from an impersonation) of the presidential role, that the whole evening seems a banner one. It should be pointed out, however, that the little love story running through the piece is not merely the conventional string of sentiment to hang it all on. The two problems: how shall this boy and girl afford to get married; and how shall the national budget be balanced, are brought genuinely together, since only in relation to people and growing life does government make any sense.

It seems to me the first thing about Mr. Odets' new play that we should mention is a certain quality in the dialogue. He has a sense of character drawing that exhibits the courage of outline. An unusual number of the characters in "Golden Boy" are set beside one another with the right bold theatre instinct, a perception of the fact, unknown to most playwrights nowadays, that character in fiction and character on the stage are two very different matters—see the fuzzy nonsense in most British plays that come to Broadway. He has an intuition of emotional impacts that make real theatre instead of mere description. The story in "Golden Boy" wanders for a few moments at the start but goes straight on after that. The number of motifs in personality, reactions, inheritance, hurts, secrecies, hopes, happiness, fate, bodily conditions, and so forth may seem crowded in at times, to lack a steady, or mature, distribution and proportion; but the direction is a good one nevertheless, it makes for abundance, it interweaves elements that promise a living fabric. His conception of the scenes, where to emphasize, where bring down the curtain, has grown neater and sharper. And the insistence, more or less adolescent, that once threw things in our faces is warmed now into both better persuasion and better taste.

The point I wanted to stress as where his theatre gift most appears is in the dialogue's avoidance of the explicit. The explicit, always to be found in poor writers trying for the serious, is the surest sign of lack of talent. To write in terms of what is not said, of combinations elusive and in detail, perhaps, insignificant, of a hidden stream of sequences, and a resulting air of spontaneity and true pressure—that is quite another matter. In this respect Mr. Odets is the most promising writer our theatre can show. The effect very often, and always the promise, of such a manner of dialogue is glowing, impressive and worthy of the response and applause that the audience gives it.

The performance of the play—under Mr. Harold Clurman's direction—is here and there tense at present but can soon be eased; it is on the whole varied, truly theatric, and admirable. The Group Theatre seems to have contrived a genuine renewal. Mr. Carnovsky as the old Italian father, Mr. Adler as the golden boy, Mr. Kazan as the killer boss, etc., give capital performances, better than can be shown in a few words here. Miss Frances Farmer, following other starry leads eastward from Hollywood, played well. She needs only more fluency in order to vary the rhythm of her performance; and she might wisely ask of the author or the director some change from a perpetual coming in at the door, entrance after entrance. Much of the other playing was good.

STARK YOUNG.

The Bandwagon

If stability at 125 proves right, then instead of chastising the speculator the French government is giving him some reward for his vision in taking his money away. That is the right thing to do.

The man who takes his money away from a country that treats capital badly is doing himself and his country a service, for a flight of capital in the long run is the only pressure which will bring about essential reforms.—*Evening Standard (London), quoted in The New Statesman.*

THE GREAT WILHELM

Only through Germanic virtues will the Germanic state survive. In this sense, our best schoolmaster is the greatest poet of the Germans—William Shakespeare.—*From "Shakespeare and the German Youth," by Wolfgang Keller, in "Die Neueren Sprachen."*

RIGHT YOU ARE, OLD POTATO

It's the title, "The Big Apple" that Andy Slaughter, Orlando Chamber of Commerce secretary, doesn't like about the new dance. He said so today in letters to other Florida chamber secretaries, asking them to help ban the name in this state: "Why should we have a big-apple dance when we have millions of orange trees and only a few apples?" Slaughter demanded.—*News item in The Jacksonville, Fla., Journal.*

US, WE'LL CROSS OUR FINGERS

The meeting ended with the singing of "God Save the King," during which Fascists and Communists, both singing lustily, gave salutes of upraised palms and clenched fists, respectively.—*From a London dispatch to The New York Times.*

CHICAGO PAPERS PLEASE COPY

In a building not far from the heart of the city, reporters of The Boston City News found . . . a large-sized class of young men and women receiving instruction on how to start strikes and how to picket. Some were receiving instruction on how to avoid the clubs of policemen.—*News item from The Boston City News.*

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS, ETC.

In one instance, the authorities even went so far as to exile a young barber, for "excessive dangerous politeness, provocative of communism."—*From an article on the Metaxas dictatorship in Greece, "Hitler's Greek Disciple," by Renaud de Jouvenel, published in the September Living Age.*

IT'S SMART TO BE SHIFTY

Ever a handsome and dashing old gentleman around town, Jules Bache has become a center of widespread acclaim and esteem since he was named by the federal government as a tax avoider. . . . Nothing can lend an individual such a cachet of smartness nowadays as being on the bad books of the administration.—*From Lucius Beebe's weekly column in The New York Herald Tribune.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

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America's Sixty Families

Family and Number of Tax Returns	Primary Source of Wealth	Aggregate 1924 Tax	Approximate Net Aggregate Income Taxed	Net Aggregate Fortune Taxed	Gross Adjusted Fortune After Multiplying by 5
21 Rockefellers	Standard Oil	$7,309,989	$17,955,000	$359,100,000	$1,077,300,000
34 Morgan Inner Group	J. P. Morgan & Co.	4,796,263	12,620,000	276,000,000‡	728,000,000‡
(Including Morgan partners and families and eight leading Morgan corporation executives)					
2 Fords	Ford Motor Co.	4,766,863	11,000,000	220,000,000	660,000,000
5 Harknesses	Standard Oil	2,776,735	7,550,000	150,200,000	450,600,000
3 Mellons	Aluminum Company	3,237,876	7,500,000	150,000,000	450,000,000
22 Vanderbilts	N. Y. Central R.R.	2,148,892	6,005,000	120,100,000	360,300,000
4 Whitneys	Standard Oil	2,143,992	5,375,000	107,500,000	322,000,000
28 Standard Oil Group	Standard Oil	1,737,857	5,435,000	118,700,000	356,000,000
(Including Archbolds, Rogerses, Bedfords, Cutlers, Flaglers, Pratts and Benjamins, but excepting others)					
20 Du Ponts	E. I. Du Pont de Nemours	1,294,651	3,925,000	79,500,000	238,500,000
8 McCormicks	Int. Harvester & Chi. Trib.	1,332,517	3,520,000	70,400,000	211,200,000
2 Bakers	First National Bank	1,575,482	3,500,000	70,000,000	210,000,000
5 Fishers	General Motors	1,424,583	3,225,000	64,500,000	193,500,000
6 Guggenheims	Amer. Smelting & Ref. Co.	817,836	2,185,000	63,700,000	190,100,000
6 Fields	Marshall Field & Co.	1,197,605	3,000,000	60,000,000	180,000,000
5 Curtis-Boks	Curtis Pub. Co.	1,303,228	2,900,000	58,000,000	174,000,000
3 Dukes	Amer. Tobacco Co.	1,045,544	2,600,000	52,000,000	156,000,000
3 Berwinds	Berwind-White Coal Co.	906,495	2,500,000	50,000,000	150,000,000
17 Lehmans	Lehman Brothers	672,897	2,150,000	43,000,000	129,000,000‡
3 Wideners	Amer. Tob. & Pub. Utilities	772,720	1,975,000	39,500,000	118,500,000
7 Reynolds	R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.	652,824	1,950,000	39,000,000	117,000,000
3 Astors	Real Estate	783,002	1,900,000	38,000,000	114,000,000
6 Winthrops	Miscellaneous	651,188	1,735,000	34,700,000	104,100,000
3 Stillmans	National City Bank	623,614	1,700,000	34,000,000	102,000,000
3 Timkens	Timken Roller Bearing Co.	781,435	1,850,000	37,000,000	111,000,000
4 Pitcairns	Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.	752,545	1,660,000	33,200,000	99,600,000
8 Warburgs	Kuhn, Loeb & Co.	598,246	1,620,000	32,400,000	97,200,000‡
4 Metcalfs	Rhode Island textile mills	623,817	1,510,000	30,200,000	90,600,000
3 Clarks	Singer Sewing Mach. Co.	583,087	1,475,000	30,000,000	90,000,000
16 Phipps	Carnegie Steel Co.	431,969	1,485,000	29,700,000	89,100,000
4 Kahns	Kuhn, Loeb & Co.	565,608	1,440,000	28,800,000	86,400,000‡
2 Greens	Stocks and real estate	443,021	1,200,000	24,000,000	72,000,000
2 Pattersons	Chicago Tribune, Inc.	365,211	1,015,000	20,300,000	60,900,000
3 Tafts	Real Estate	329,689	900,000	18,000,000	54,000,000
3 Deerings	International Harvester	315,701	825,000	16,500,000	49,500,000
6 De Forests	Corp. law practice	202,013	685,000	13,700,000	41,100,000‡
5 Goulds	Railroads	154,563	565,000	11,300,000	33,900,000
3 Hills	Railroads	226,827	360,000	7,200,000	21,600,000
2 Drexels	J. P. Morgan & Co.	131,616	350,000	7,000,000	21,000,000
FAMILY TAXES PAID BY INDIVIDUALS					
Thomas Fortune Ryan*†	Stock market	791,851	1,800,000	36,000,000	108,000,000
H. Foster (Cleveland)	Auto Parts	569,894	1,700,000	34,000,000	106,000,000
Eldridge Johnson	Victor Phonograph	542,627	1,250,000	25,000,000	75,000,000
Arthur Curtiss James	Copper and railroads	521,388	1,200,000	24,000,000	72,000,000
C. W. Nash	Automobiles	459,776	1,100,000	22,000,000	66,000,000
Mortimer Schiff	Kuhn, Loeb & Co.	459,410	1,100,000	22,000,000	66,000,000
James A. Patten	Wheat market	425,348	1,000,000	20,000,000	60,000,000‡
Charles Hayden*	Stock market	427,979	1,000,000	20,000,000	60,000,000
Orlando F. Weber	Allied Chem. & Dye Corp.	406,582	900,000	18,000,000	54,000,000
George Blumenthal	Lazard Freres	415,621	900,000	18,000,000	54,000,000‡
Ogden L. Mills*	Mining	372,827	800,000	16,000,000	48,000,000
Michael Friedsam*†	Merchandising	292,396	700,000	14,000,000	42,000,000
Edward B. McLean	Mining	281,125	700,000	14,000,000	42,000,000
Eugene Higgins	New York real estate	279,265	700,000	14,000,000	42,000,000
Alexander S. Cochran*†	Textiles	271,542	700,000	14,000,000	42,000,000
Mrs. L. N. Kirkwood		268,556	625,000	12,500,000	37,500,000
Helen Tyson		258,086	600,000	12,000,000	36,000,000
Archer D. Huntington*†	Railroads	226,353	575,000	11,500,000	34,500,000
James J. Storrow*†	Lee Higginson & Co.	222,571	575,000	11,500,000	34,500,000‡
Julius Rosenwald*†	Sears, Roebuck & Co.	208,812	500,000	10,000,000	30,000,000
Bernard M. Baruch	Stock market	268,142	625,000	12,500,000	37,500,000
S. S. Kresge	Merchandising	188,608	500,000	10,000,000	30,000,000

* Deceased † Fortune left to family

‡ Partly theoretical as income consisted in varying measure of fees

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A Note on the Table of Fortunes

The foregoing table appears in "America's Sixty Families," by Ferdinand Lundberg (The Vanguard Press, $3.75) and is reproduced by permission. While the table is in part an approximation only, since scientifically exact data of course cannot be obtained, it has been carefully made and deserves serious consideration.

The first two columns, giving aggregate 1924 tax and approximate aggregate net income taxed, are taken from records of the federal government. The year 1924 is used because it is the most recent for which federal statistics have been published. There have been few significant changes since then, however, in Mr. Lundberg's opinion; he points out that nearly all the great American fortunes now go back at least one generation. The figures for net aggregate fortune taxed are reached by multiplying the income by twenty, thereby assuming an average return of five percent on capital. The final column is obtained by multiplying the reported net aggregate fortune by three. Mr. Lundberg and other students in this field believe that such multiplication is conservative, taking into consideration investments in tax-exempt securities and other deductions and omissions. Mr. Lundberg considers that in view of the fact that the late Andrew W. Mellon was Secretary of the Treasury in 1924, and that his policy was extraordinarily lenient, multiplication by four rather than three would not be unreasonable.

In certain cases, the author has given an estimate of the maximum total fortune of the family group. These include the Rockefellers, $2,500,000,000; the Fords, $1,000,000,000; the Harknesses, $800,000,000; the Mellons, $1,000,000,000; the Vanderbilts, $800,000,000; the Whitneys, $750,000,000; the duPonts, $1,000,000,000; the Bakers, $500,000,000. Mr. Lundberg points out that some important fortunes are omitted from his calculation because they are wholly or partly invested in tax-exempt securities.

CORRESPONDENCE

For Martha Gruening

SIR: The name of Martha Gruening, who died suddenly in Northampton on October 25, has for many years been familiar to readers of The New Republic: they have associated her signature with some of the ablest special articles and most discerning reviews that have appeared there. Those who have known her only as a writer will appreciate how serious a loss American literary journalism has suffered in her death, and how deeply it is to be lamented that she did not live to complete the study of ante-bellum culture in the South on which she had been recently engaged and for which she had the most promising plans. Perhaps, however, only those who had been associated with her personally in progressive and humane activities or who had known her as a friend, will be fully sensible of the tragedy of her early death. She had had many co-workers, during the last twenty-five years, in the suffrage and feminist movement, in the struggle for civil liberties, in activities on behalf of the Negroes, and in other generous causes; but none of her co-workers labored with a purer zeal, with a more intense and intimate conviction, with a finer incapacity for understanding paltriness and inhumanity. She found one of her most continuous inspirations in the careers of those brave and brilliant American women who, for a hundred years and more, have fought on every front against injustice and illiberality. Quite without knowing it —for her modesty was fathomless—Martha Gruening was one of those women herself.

Northampton, Mass. NEWTON ARVIN.

From the "Algic's" Crew

SIR: We, ex-members of the crew of the S. S. "Algic," now in jail charged with inciting a revolt on board the vessel while it was lying in the safe harbor of Montevideo, Uruguay, believe that our arrest was caused in order to intimidate us and restrain us from protecting ourselves as union workingmen.

We are advised that the law under which we are charged dates back to 1790, and was never intended to be used against seamen (workers) who protest against conditions under which they are required to work while on a vessel in a safe harbor.

The United States Maritime Commission as owners of the vessel, now supported by the United States Attorney General, is attempting to characterize us as vicious criminals.

We have done nothing that every other workingman would not do. When we are working on a vessel that is lying in a safe harbor and we take peaceful steps for protection, we cannot be called mutinous.

We are not criminals and never committed a crime, and we are ready to stay in jail until the Department of Commerce, the United States Maritime Commission and the United States Attorney General, all acting in concert, recognize the injustice they are doing us and all other seamen who make similar protests while their vessels are lying in safe harbors.

WALTER H. REES, JOHN H. CROGAHN, JAMES E. WHITENTON, EARLE T. PARSONS, FELIPE N. DEL VALLE, WM. O. CASSIDY, CESAR CORTEZ, BRUNO PIETKIEWICZ, DAVID TUTTLE, RODERICK CAMPBELL, WM. O. FORREST, WM. RAYMAN, JOSEPH P. OHNS, OSCASIO BATISTA.

Baltimore, Md.

Wisconsin Politics

SIR: The editorial, "A Political Realignment in Wisconsin" in the September 1 New Republic, seems to me quite unrealistic. Where your correspondent found any life in the Union Party is beyond me. It has been looked upon as a corpse hereabouts. There hasn't been a peep from it since its ignominious showing in the fall election of 1936.

Some of the erstwhile Union Party people who were followers of Old Bob La Follette, but who are antagonistic to the younger La Follettes, may have gone back into the Republican fold. But that would hardly be called a Union-Republican coalition. As for Representative Lemke, I don't recall any appearance by him in Wisconsin since the 1936 election. If he still has a real following in this state, it is being kept a dark secret.

The only coalition movement making any headway is the open and widely publicized campaign of certain anti-New Deal leaders in the Republican and Democratic Parties to bring about a merger against the Progressive Party in Wisconsin. It is possible a state conference of the coalitionists will be held within several weeks.

Your correspondent is correct in his references to Roosevelt's and Farley's cordiality toward the La Follettes. That is a sore spot to the conservative Democrats.

On the point that the La Follettes may groom Dan Hoan for Senator against Duffy: I am dubious about that. Dan Hoan may run, but it is more likely to be against the opposition of the La Follettes. It is also possible that Phil himself may run for the Senate in 1938 and join his brother Bob in the national arena.

Also, I would say that the Republicans, rather than playing a "canny waiting game," are quite aggressive in trying to stir opposition to the La Follettes and the New Deal. But that is a matter of interpretatiop

Milwaukee, Wis. RUBEN LEVIN.

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Advertisers and The Eagle

SIR: We are not at liberty to use the name of a large New York department store, but we think the following story about it will be of interest to you.

The League of Women Shoppers voted to support the striking workers of The Brooklyn Daily Eagle, and one way of helping was to visit advertisers of the struck paper to ask them to withdraw their advertisements until the strike had been satisfactorily settled.

We were received very favorably by one outstanding New York store which has a Brooklyn branch and the management informed us that although they could not stop advertising they would be glad to run a piece of copy with their regular advertisement saying, "Our Brooklyn customers are entitled to news about prices and fashions, but this in no way means that we sympathize with the labor policy of The Brooklyn Daily Eagle." The copy was sent to The Eagle and the advertising manager promptly informed the department store that "the following statement is not acceptable for publication." The management of The Eagle went even farther and suggested that the store substitute "Our Brooklyn customers are entitled to news about prices and fashions, but this does not mean that we in any way support either the management or the strikers of The Brooklyn Eagle."

The department store refused to run the copy as suggested by the management.

FRANCES NEWMARK, Executive Secretary,
New York City. League of Women Shoppers, Inc.

Broun's Liberalism

SIR: John Haynes Holmes asks in your correspondence columns [The New Republic, October 27] how come Heywood Broun decides which of God's liberal children shall wear wings. Mr. Broun, it seems to Mr. Holmes, takes himself too seriously.

The answer is that liberalism is no longer merely a parlor game. Liberalism now permeates the kitchen too, and the offices and even the factories and the mines. Its opponents are serious and powerful. They help to determine what tactics liberals must follow to avoid defeat and disaster.

The time has passed when a liberal could also be a long-haired gentleman on a diet of raw vegetables; or a columnist who once voted for George R. Lunn; or a preacher with a mind of his own. The time has passed when—at every trumpet blast—liberalism falls apart into as many pieces as it has converts.

Heywood Broun is out in the front-line liberal trenches where the bullets are flying. Mr. Holmes can join him or not, as he pleases. But he cannot lightly dispute the serious character of that battle. The people of America are on the march. They are utterly serious. And it is the mighty rush of events that tears the light-feathered wings from those who still glory in the liberalism of the Gay Nineties.

New York City. F. A. SIEVERMAN JR.

Against Isolation

SIR: I like your paper but I do not like the policy of isolation in international affairs to which you cling. It is just as impossible for this country to pursue an isolationist policy as it would be for the city of New York to be isolated from the rest of the country. You, like many others, have forgotten that this counrty tried to the last extremity to stay out of the World War twenty years ago. Woodrow Wilson kept us out of the war until nearly every public man was pointing the finger of scorn at him. A reference to the current periodicals of that day would show the millions of sarcastic remarks that were made concerning the temporizing attitude of the great peace-loving Wilson. Finally the war spirit of the country mounted to great heights and the aggressive nature of the German submarine warfare forced us to take our natural part in the world conflict.

We are even more involved today. We will not be able to stay out as long as we did the other time. America is by far the richest and most powerful country in the world. It should be playing a dominating role in world affairs instead of trying to remain aloof.

Amarillo, Tex. M. L. FLEMING.

From The New Republic Mailbag

Mayer C. Goldman of New York City writes to tell us of the progress of the Public Defender system to provide proper counsel for the accused poor. The September session of the judicial conference between the Chief Justice of the United States and the Senior United States Circuit Court judges passed a resolution approving the appointment of a Public Defender where the amount of criminal business of a district court justifies it. Mr. Goldman feels this resolution will facilitate favorable action on the bill now pending action by Congress to provide Public Defenders in the federal district courts.

Michael Woolf of Brooklyn, New York, is puzzled over the problem of whether it is more important for the United States at present to foster more investment in the capital-goods industries or greater purchasing power for the masses. . . . Melville Kress of Neville Island, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, wants to know how anti-Semitism can be combatted when Voltaire, Wagner and Marx were guilty of statements attacking the Jews. . . . The New Republic takes this opportunity of informing the anonymous reader in Newcastle, Pennsylvania, that his—or is it her?—weekly contributions labeled "For the Spanish Government" are being turned over to the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy and used to buy milk for the Spanish children.

Clarence Armstrong of Warners, New York, who thinks we are saving too much money for our economic good, suggests that a way to solve the problem is "to allow those who pay an income tax to deduct a large amount of their actual spendings for consumable goods from their taxable income." . . . H. Daniel Darling of Hartford, Connecticut, tells us of the resolution passed by the Manchester, New Hampshire, Board of Selectmen condemning the "stubborn and unreasonable attitude of the Independent Cloak Company for failing to deal in the proper manner with organized labor." . . . The Teachers' Union, 114 East Sixteenth Street, New York City, announces a $50 prize for a full-length play on some social theme dealing with the orientation of the professional or white-collar worker. The contest closes January 1, and all manuscripts will be carefully considered.

The New York chapter of The League of American Writers, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, describes its Speakers' Bureau which has recently been formed and which will supply the services of many prominent writers for lectures and discussions before progressive groups of all kinds. For a moderate fee the Speakers' Bureau can arrange lectures, singly or in a series, on a wide variety of subjects.

Harry Gersh, executive secretary of The American Friends of La Stampa Libera, writes us of the plans for the celebration of the twelfth anniversary of the only Italian labor daily in America, which will take place at the New York Hippodrome, November 21, at 2:30 P.M.

What's on the Air?

Mary K. Simkhovitch, Louis H. Pink, Charles Poletti, Robert F. Steadman and Helen Alfred speak at the National Public Housing Conference Luncheon on the subject "New York Communities Prepare for Action on Housing," Saturday, November 13, 12:30 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

An original drama in verse, "Mr. Justice," by Irving Reis, based on the biography of former Chief Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, is presented Sunday, November 14, 8 P.M., CBS.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt gives one of his Fireside Chats on "The Unemployment Census," Sunday, November 14, 10:30 P.M., CBS and NBC-Red and Blue Networks.

Congressman Maury Maverick of Texas speaks on "What's Ahead of Congress in This Special Session?" Tuesday, November 16, 9 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Musical programs of the week include Walter Gieseking, pianist, as soloist with the Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York, conducted by John Barbirolli, Sunday, November 14, 3 P.M., CBS; the Philadelphia Orchestra with Eugene Ormandy conducting, Monday, November 15, 9 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; and the Rochester Civic Orchestra conducted by Guy Fraser Harrison, Tuesday, November 16, 1:45 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

All times given are Eastern Standard Time.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Frontiers of Credulity

THE Duke experiments which are at the basis of Dr. Rhine's theory of ESP, or Extra-Sensory Perception, are so childishly simple that they look almost like a game. In fact, tests have been made not only with students of psychology, but also with the feeble-minded and with children. A deck of 25 cards, containing 5 suits of 5 cards each, marked with simple geometrical figures, is put on the table face downward, and the subject is invited to read them without handling them. According to the laws of probability (that is, with a sufficiently large number of readings, and the chances being constant), the average score of correct guesses should be around five per deck. Dr. Rhine claims to have discovered several subjects who, in thousands of readings, averaged scores of seven, nine, ten and more. This favorable deviation, he reasons, cannot be due to chance alone; another factor must be operating and he believes it to be "clairvoyance," which is defined as "perceiving beyond the limits of the known senses." Similar experiments were conducted in telepathy, where the "sender" merely "thought" of one of the five symbols to be guessed by the "receiver," and the results were equally "encouraging." ESP investigations have been in progress since 1930; other colleges have taken them up, and although it is not clear yet whether they will become a national pastime, they seem to provoke a wide interest.

What first strikes the reader of Dr. Rhine's book is the great disproportion between these monotonous, not to say trivial, "readings" of cards, and the extraordinary hopes they have aroused. The innumerable groups in this country who practise occult sciences responded to them with enthusiasm. We also remember Dr. Carrel, the eminent author of a mediocre best-seller, who announced, on the evidence of the Duke experiments, that clairvoyance was a powerful method of scientific discovery. Dr. Rhine's language is not so extravagant, but he too entertains great hopes; he believes, for instance, that ESP is "favorable" to the hypothesis of immortality and expects it to help us in the solution of social problems. As the interest in ESP is mainly due to these extra-scientific motives, it may be useful to observe at once that one has no right to confuse the extra-sensory perception of *ordinary* objects—even if it were established beyond challenge—with the existence of extra-sensory, *ultra-physical* objects. If it were true that some persons have the power of looking through your cards, it surely would be more unadvisable than ever to play poker with strangers; but the immortality of the soul would need more relevant evidence.

The experiments have to be judged on their own merits. Persons familiar with the history of psychic research know what is the greatest obstacle to its serious acceptance: allegedly well established miraculous phenomena stubbornly refuse to occur whenever good care is taken to eliminate errors—including conscious or unconscious coöperation between the subject and investigator. As a rule, no complete criticism of "psychic" claims is possible without actual experimentation. In the present case, however, the skeptics are put in a peculiar position. With apparent innocence Dr. Rhine formulates his conditions for successful experimentation—and these conditions are such that any critical attitude is excluded *in advance*. Optimism is declared indispensable. "First," explains the author, "the investigator himself should be interested in obtaining good results." He refuses to submit his subjects to special demonstrations, on the ground that clairvoyance is as delicate and spontaneous a process as the writing of a poem. He prefers "to encourage young, open-minded men to take up the task of finding out for themselves." And he remarks that the investigator and subject must be on a friendly basis; that the subjects help to determine the technique of the procedure; that a "missionary spirit" is reigning in his laboratories. Remembering also that the results are checked by an optimistic and enthusiastic investigator, we are not surprised to hear that the best scores in telepathic messages were obtained with a couple who were about to be married. This same couple did not score nearly so well some time *after* their marriage.

Serious faults exist in Dr. Rhine's methods of computing the results. Some of the objections are of a purely technical nature, but even a non-mathematical mind can see the dangers of a procedure that consists in reporting only "good" series of guesses and in declaring that a subject's talent is "lost" as soon as he begins to score badly. But Dr. Rhine's Will-to-Believe reaches the limits of its own naïveté when he refuses to experiment with cards on which the symbols are changed or replaced by blanks without the subject's previous knowledge. He argues that he does not want to "deceive" his friends, and that anyway skeptics would not be satisfied even if a blank pack were recognized as such. He does not envisage the possibility of his subjects' "reading" the customary symbols on perfectly blank cards, and were that the case, we do not know whether Dr. Rhine would join the skeptics, or argue that his subjects see things "invisible" to the ordinary eye.

There is little doubt that Dr. Rhine's new frontiers of the mind coincide with the more ancient frontiers of human credulity. This opinion will be considerably strengthened when some attention is given to the postulates of his method. The author's notion of the "mind" is the crassly materialistic idea of a transcendent substance whose main characteristic is passivity. Knowledge becomes identified with unexpected revelations and unconscious trances enjoyed indiscriminately by the intelligent and feeble-minded, by children and grown-ups. While the achievements of social sciences are underrated, the solution of "the most urgent problems of our disillusioned and floundering society" is expected to come not from any practical human activity, but from the revelations of some ultra-physical source, from what the author, after all the occultists, calls "a profounder kind of self-knowledge." These passive conceptions and hopes reflect a definite social attitude. Modern man, unless he acts and thinks intelligently, feels just as helpless in the face of the blind forces of our society as primitive man was helpless in the face of nature. The modern rationalized and systematized religions are not enough for an anxious mind that seeks a shortcut to supreme happiness; and astrology, crystal-gazing, tea-leaf reading, etc., are flourishing in the midst of our scientific civilization. The "scientific" language used by the latest variety of psychic research must not hide from us the fact that its social thinking is on the same backward level.

NORBERT GUTERMAN.

[1] New Frontiers of the Mind: The Story of the Duke Experiments, by J. B. Rhine. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 274 pages. $2.50.

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Poets' Corner

The Man with the Blue Guitar and Other Poems, by Wallace Stevens. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 82 pages. $2.

THE STORY is that Stevens has turned of late definitely to the left. I should say not, from anything in this book. He's merely older and as an artist infinitely more accomplished. Passion he has, too often muted, but not flagrantly for the underdog. No use looking for Stevens there—without qualifications.

"The Man with the Blue Guitar," the first poem, is one of the best. It is everything that we know as Stevens. There are thirty-three divisions of it, a longish poem arranged in couplets, four beats to the line—thirty-three virtual lyrics, a format which Stevens has always found congenial, for, though he seems at times not to wish to acknowledge it, he is primarily a lyric poet. But unlike some of his earlier variations on a theme, this progresses to a fairly definite conclusion. The Blue Guitar, or its master rather, argues with an objector who complains that he (the poet) does not speak of things as they are. The reply comes:

> Nothing must stand
> Between you and the shapes you take
> When the crust of shape has been destroyed.
> You as you are? You are yourself.
> The blue guitar surprises you.

Stevens is a troubled man who sings well, somewhat covertly, somewhat overfussily at times, a little stiffly but well. If he were satisfied with that! He seems at his best singing in the four-beat time and the lyric form of this excellent poem. But this isn't enough for Stevens.

And so, to clinch the argument—for this book is in a way one long argument to emphasize a point—Stevens goes on and unfortunately overemphasizes what he has to say, relative to the function of a poet, making a defense of the poet, an apology for the poet, for Stevens himself, facing his world. Because of this and the wordiness of its effect I don't like the second poem, a long subdivided one also under the general head, "Owl's Clover." It has its old woman very effectively balanced against the heroic plunging of sculptured horses, but nothing moves as it should.

Five beats to the line here, and that's where the trouble is let in. These five beats have a strange effect on a modern poet; they make him think he wants to think. Stevens is no exception. The result is turgidity, dullness and a language, God knows what it is! certainly nothing anybody alive today could ever recognize—lit by flashes, of course, in this case; for whatever else he may be Stevens is always a distinguished artist. The language is constrained by the meter instead of there being—an impossible peak it may be—a meter discovering itself in the language. We are still searching. Much more might be said were there space for it.

The whole book shows the too rigid selection which Stevens feels is his virtue. He does not want to overload a book with merely excellent but repetitious lyrics.

Fortunately there are five shorter pieces standing more or less alone at the book's close, the last of which, "The Men That Are Falling," is the most passionate and altogether the best work in this selection—one of the best poems of the day. Here Stevens has shown himself the man, the artist in all the profundity of his aroused sensibilities, no longer fiddling with thoughts but embodying thought in an adult thrust with all his mature weight behind it. The five beats to the line are not an embarrassment here, while the invention of dealing with the head only in depicting a death, such a death as that of this poem, is something of which our literature may be proud—the real of that to which we sometimes facetiously refer as creative writing. It's a lesson for us all.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS.

And Spain Sings: Fifty Loyalist Ballads, edited by M. J. Benardete and Rolfe Humphries. New York: The Vanguard Press. 143 pages. $1.

THE FACT that these ballads come from the Spanish people's battle lines would make them exciting and important, if only as a kind of news in verse. But the poems are important in their own right as poems. Here is proof of what poets can do when they stop theorizing about the poetry of the masses and find themselves poets, part of those masses. I guess that the poets of Spain made no sudden identification with their people on the day the Facist rebellion broke. Lorca, the greatest of them, had been a popular poet for years before the Fascists killed him. But the ballads presented in "And Spain Sings" were published in El Mono Azul, which was founded in August, 1936, by the intellectuals of the People's Front with a definite decision to revive for the Spanish people the old folk forms in new poetry. Already, says M. J. Benardete in his preface—an important part of the book—"the poets were organizing trench gatherings for the singing of new ballads."

There is a big variation in this collection, and the work of certain translators rather than of certain of the original poets stands out. Translations by Rolfe Humphries and William Carlos Williams are the best, with the exception of two poems by Lorenzo Varela by Ethel Turner and Allen Dowling. From the latter:

> You are a hero, my brother,
> And Death is shouting your name.
> Death will not let it be said
> That Fernando de Rosa is dead!

Edna St. Vincent Millay's rendering of Emilio Prados' poem to Lorca is very beautiful. It is very much Millay and is the only intimate poem in the book. The others are simple and general, songs of fallen heroes and of mass heroism, songs of the Spanish earth, and bawdy jeers at the treacherous clergy, the nobility, the Fascist war lords. Particularly in Rolfe Humphries' translations, serious and humorous, there is a fine ring and swing:

> Duke of Alba, Duke of the Dawn,
> Last and least of a famous row,
> Rather, Duke of the Setting Sun,
> Vanished without an afterglow,
> Flanders knew your ancestral sword—
> Glorious days of lost romance—
> All you took was a backward look
> Beating it swiftly out through France.

That is from a ballad by Rafael Alberti, translated by

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Humphries. From "Wind of the Village" by Miguel Hernandez, translated by William Carlos Williams:

I am here to live but
while the soul lies sleeping,
and here to die
when my hour shall come,
in the bosom of my people,
from now on and forever.
Life is drunk over and over
and death is one swallow only.

The editors and translating poets have done a fine job with this book, and it ought to be good propaganda for the Spanish Loyalists (proceeds from sale of the book go to the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy). But the poems themselves are not propaganda, they are not designed to convince anyone about anything. They are the songs of the Spanish people in their desperate struggle to maintain their own and all human dignity. These ballads show that popular poetry need not be a matter of rhymed platitudes advertising virtues and/or shaving cream. And perhaps they show too that the tranquility necessary to the making of poetry is the tranquility of a sure and devoted will rather than that of surrounding circumstances.

MARIE DE L. WELCH.

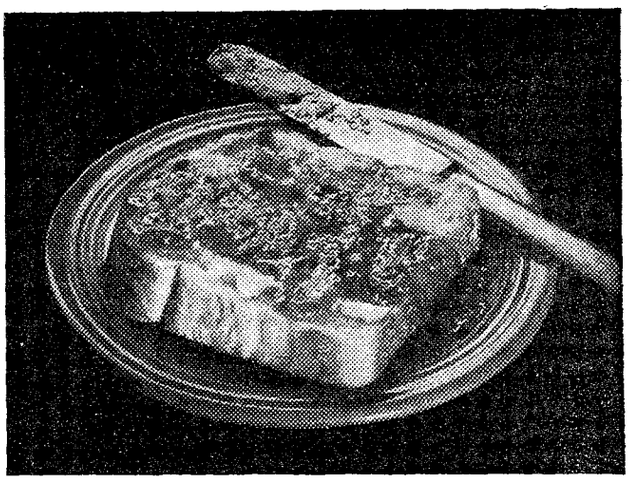
Cold Morning Sky, by Marya Zaturenska. New York: The Macmillan Company. 70 pages. $1.50.

"COLD MORNING SKY" is a notable advance over Miss Zaturenska's first book, "Threshold and Hearth," published three years ago. Technically, these new poems are brilliantly executed, feeling and cadence being unified with extraordinary skill. Mastery of her craft, however, is but one aspect of Miss Zaturenska's development. Her interests have broadened, her insight into experience has deepened; she has acquired a fuller awareness of the modern world and of her responsibilities as a poet. This twofold development of form and content—the only kind that ultimately counts for much—is rare, particularly at the present time. Miss Zaturenska is to be praised for having achieved it without sacrificing the sensibility or the emotional and stylistic values found in her earlier verse. Instead, her original sensibility has served as a point around which to order her new perceptions. As a result, her work bears the authenticity of personal experience and has a perspective and music of its own.

Miss Zaturenska's poetry is essentially a poetry of atmosphere, of the shades and nuances of feeling, which she is able to convey with remarkable precision. To this kind of poetry she brings a sensibility more comprehensive and, in relation to our age, more cogent than most. She is especially successful in evoking an atmosphere of terror, of nostalgia and regret:

The wild attraction, and the deep repulsion
The irresistible compulsion

—which she sees as "the favorite symptoms" of a corrupt and decadent civilization. These symptoms, symbolizing the instability and spiritual sickness of contemporary society, are the subject of many of her most impressive poems. Her imagery seems peculiarly in keeping with her theme: suffused with a cold, unearthly light, it suggests a world already extinct, where "ruin falls on blackening skies" and "the deathvoice stains the glassy air." Looking on this world as if from a great distance, the poet calls for "the lustier green That shines for all eyes," and warns against the



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Unhealthy subtle of the moon
That drains the living world away.

That note of warning recurs constantly, imparting to the verse a necessary and valuable moral content.

Even this brief account indicates, I think, that Miss Zaturenska shares few of the qualities so prevalent among poets of her sex—in fact, in poems such as "The Warning," "The Fountain" and "The Lunar Tides," she is closer to the Auden of "On This Island" than she is to the run of lady lyricists. I can think of only two women poets who write as well—Marianne Moore and Louise Bogan—and Miss Zaturenska's range of interests is considerably wider than Miss Bogan's.

T. C. WILSON.

The Last Look and Other Poems, by Mark Van Doren. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 149 pages. $2.

IN HIS first five books of poetry, Mark Van Doren proved himself a careful craftsman with a sharp eye for the homely and a mind aware of the profound implications of the casual. His best work took the form of short "metaphysical" lyrics, durable and complete; he seldom wrote badly. His chief influences, well assimilated for the most part, probably were E. A. Robinson, Emily Dickinson, Robert Frost and the poets of the seventeenth century. Thoroughly proficient in most of the conventional forms, at times, like Stanley J. Kunitz and Léonie Adams, he experimented within the tradition.

This volume is further proof of Mark Van Doren's technical skill. In the remarkable "Private Worship," for instance, a single metaphor is carried without a break through thirty lines to a true climax. The poem is no mere exercise in verbal ingenuity; the theme is not exhausted but enriched by the successful application of the single figure. A somewhat longer piece, "Animal Worship," and "Millennium," although impressive, creak a bit in the middle. In the simpler "Neighbor Girl" and "The Whisperer" the poet creates a heightened suspense and a haunting strangeness that are proper in variations on old ballad forms.

Some of the best pieces in the book, "Something Acrid," "The Bundle" and others, are explorations of bleak and remote corners of the American mind. The reports are more clinical than those of E. A. Robinson. Wisely, Van Doren attempts a close scrutiny of one facet of character, not a condensed life history. The approach is oblique but usually penetrating.

Yet for all the solid writing, the formal excellence, there are disturbing imperfections: monotonous verbal patterns, stanzas weakened by mannered feminine rhymes, themes overwritten. There are failures in immediacy. (Compare the title poem, for instance, with some of Emily Dickinson's on the same subject.) But the chief defect results from an ear no longer sufficiently naïve: lack of resonance. The poet who would speak in muted accents must take care that his rhythms do not falter. There is some danger that Mark Van Doren will become, like Conrad Aiken, a master of the slack line.

However, it is easy to pick flaws in the work of a truly prolific artist. Although Mark Van Doren has written no single lyric to be compared with, let us say, Louise Bogan's "The Mark," Allen Tate's "The Mediterranean" or Léonie Adams' "The Mount," the level of his achievement has been remarkably high. Perhaps in his next book he will translate more immediate experience into the intense and powerful idiom of a great lyric.

THEODORE ROETHKE.

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A Poet's Story

Life Is My Song: The Autobiography of John Gould Fletcher. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 406 pages. $3.50.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER has written his autobiography and added another chapter to the American saga of lonely men who sail abroad in search of their cultural roots. We are all more or less lonely, and restlessness arises from a youthful country that hastily conquered material soil at the expense of the spiritual. But this is only true in the average: the land has given birth to names that survive all questions. I trust we are sufficiently grown by now not to judge a man's work by the places he lives in or escapes from: many a lasting book has been written on foreign soil or on the high seas so often crossed by Conrad Aiken.

His fellow Southerner, Fletcher, a man of a totally different temper, has had his twenty-five years abroad, with many a homesick trip in between, and has now settled down in Little Rock. His book is earnest and impassioned, thoroughly self-aware and quite aware of the world to which his being responds, whether in love or in hatred. There is little between these two poles: humor, or the ability of weighing oneself in the balance, is absent. The book has therefore certain limitations and blind spots. But the reader is recompensed by a forthright narrative on the author's background and ours: of an earlier America, of the World War and its aftermath; breakdown, bankruptcy, disillusionment. Then follows the slow upward turn so often false or sandy: the hopeful revivals, the quick panaceas, further new movements. Fletcher now pins his faith to the latest American ideal: regionalism, the old South reborn, the agrarian philosophy—and not without a characteristic grain of skepticism. He calls himself an advanced liberal and can find no place in the land for fascism or communism. Free speech and the freest expression must be maintained. Only the élite can save the world and develop a greater race.

At the heart of all this, one feels the grave aristocrat at odds with an unresponsive audience. There is an enormous concern with the business of poetry, thanks to the influence of that energetic pirate, Amy Lowell. In the intimate chapters on imagism, the best ever written, we meet the first pre-war escapists: the unhappily forgotten Horace Holley and Skipwith Cannéll. And the quixotic Pound, the sphinx-like Eliot. The war between the imagists and conservatives was followed by a war among the imagists. Political deals and raw deals, to which the flesh is heir, brought Ezra face to face with the Brookline lady. Amy invited all hands to a London dinner celebrating the first anthology (edited by Ezra and issued by the undersigned at Grantwood, New Jersey) and cleverly captured the movement.

Ezra resigned and embraced Vorticism and Blast, while Miss Lowell sailed home and began the conquest of America with half a dozen imagists. Fletcher, a man of integrity and no audience, sailed under the Lowell flag for several years and then fled. His book, none the less, spends a great deal of time trying to win over a larger audience now. Claims are made for original ideas and forms unfairly attributed to others. It is obvious, throughout this campaign, that if publishers were more aware of the need and value of collected poems, Fletcher would not have been reduced to the constant illustration of his text with quotations from his own work. Even the sympathetic reader, interested in an author's workshop, must grow rather bored in the argumentative process.

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Of the man and his philosophy, as revealed in these pages, some other might say: So far so good—but the élite are not always found in the artistic sphere. Society is much more involved than it was in the old days: in our democracy for one. Lives have to be lived, as well as Life—the other fellows' also. If one argues that the private self will find a larger self in what the whole world is going through, and find it at no real loss to the old individual, he isn't preaching the humbug of humanitarianism. It is possible he feels the dawn of the greatest war ever: a war into which the artist, most human of human beings, must be drawn. And what he writes will embrace a good deal more than any one ism can possibly reach.

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

An Anthropologist Cries Woe

Apes, Men and Morons, by Earnest Albert Hooton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 317 pages. $3.

LIKE A famous but officially ostracized colleague, Professor Hooton has "reasons for anger." He is angry with his fellow anthropologists for their reprehensible "attitude of timorous withdrawal" from the social challenge implicit in their work. He is annoyed by their kid-glove scorn of the arena, and exasperated by their agonized wincing at the blunders of the eugenists who, science or no science, are at least aware that *homo sapiens* is not yet either human enough or wise enough. To cap it all, he is thoroughly ashamed of himself for knowing so much of man's biological past and caring so little for his biological future.

The result of these assorted irritations is a volume of dangerous and perverse charm. First we are guided, with great skill and erudition, through a labyrinth of some sixty million years, during which modest period the evolutionary process was blundering its way from the absurd tree-shrew to the majestic Primate who required a million years to learn the secrets of poison gas, surrealism and the Popular Front. Questions of heredity and environment, of physiological and mental development, of the maddening variations in human types, of primitive societies groping toward unknown Promised Lands—all these things lead into the major interrogation of Race. On this subject Professor Hooton minces no words, and when he is through with it the entire jerry-built structure of race chauvinism collapses like a house of cards. Curiously, however, in attempting to answer the question, "What is an American?" our ethnologist skates dangerously on the thin ice of "criminal types," ending on a note unpleasantly akin to the biological defeatism of Lombroso, Nordau, Ellsworth Huntington and fanatics of the Galtonian persuasion.

This note destroys the fine harmony which the book should have maintained. The instant he steps across the line separating technical from social anthropology, Professor Hooton's vision blurs. Though honest, and of good will, he has been taken in by the horror stories of the race-breeders, the more so as he admittedly lacks the corrective of economic knowledge and political insight. His flippant jibe at Democracy as "making the world safe for morons" might do for a misanthropic disciple of Nietzsche's, but surely the mountain of his intelligence has brought forth a very scrawny mouse when all he can suggest as a remedy for our assumed "biological degeneration" is "a sit-down reproductive strike of the busy breeders among the morons, criminals and social ineffectuals of our population."

Professor Hooton stands in need here of more science, and less anger.

HAROLD WARD.

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Fiction Notes

The Mother, by Sholem Asch. Translated by Elza Krauch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

THIS IS a new and excellent translation of a novel which many regard as a classic of Yiddish literature. Against a rich background of customs which today are as good as vanished, the story follows the peregrinations and evolutions of a family of Jewish immigrants. The unselfishness of the poor, their tragic attachment to the past, their need for self-sacrifice are symbolized in the heroine, Deborah. She is stirred to the promise of a better life by an early contact with the revolutionary movement in Poland; later, in America, her will to serve the Cause becomes sublimated into an attachment for a young and struggling sculptor, who, thanks to her motherly devotion, finally achieves recognition and fortune. At the threshold of a carefree existence, Deborah voluntarily gives up her sculptor to a rival who, she believes, will be more helpful to him because of her superior culture, and goes back to the miserable flat of her family. The most successful characters are Deborah, her mother—another symbol of unselfish devotion—and her father Ansel, a former reader in the Synagogue who, in the New World, must work for a living and who shows a magnificent contempt for his more "commercial-minded" sons. The least successful character is Miss Forster, Deborah's fortunate rival—an artistic and ecstatic lady who, in spite of the author's efforts to make her frank and honest and sincere, is decidedly too much so. In this, as in his other novels, Sholem Asch's strength lies in his descriptive powers and loving understanding of his material, which save many a familiar situation from sinking into triteness and melodrama. N. G.

Thirteen O'Clock: Stories of Several Worlds, by Stephen Vincent Benét. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

THESE thirteen short stories represent several Mr. Benéts, as well as several worlds: they run the whole range from Benét the poet to Benét the competent fictioneer for the slicks. The quality varies with the manner and the market, but all are good reading, with the possible exception of one or two. There are at least three exceptionally good stories here, and one, "The Devil and Daniel Webster," which has already won immortality of a sort for its fine evocation of the American tradition.

One only wishes that Mr. Benét would confine himself to this sort of thing, for he is at his best in the two Daniel Webster stories, with their brilliant and loving re-creation of colorful patches in American legend, and in the peculiarly American tall story of "The Sobbin' Women." Close behind these in excellence come the purely imaginative fantasy of the catman who conducted symphonies with his tail, to the despair of rival conductors who had only their hands to lead with, and the finely sincere portrait of the martyrdom of a scholar at the hands of Nazi brutes. The other stories are not quite up to the same level, although they do provide evidence of Mr. Benét's astonishing technical competence in such varied moods as those of H. G. Wells, O. Henry, Edith Wharton, Thomas Beer, F. Scott Fitzgerald and F. Britten Austin. One can find no quarrel with these lesser tales as entertainment, but it seems a pity that Mr. Benét should not exercise his very real talents more frequently on solid stuff, for he can do more than merely entertain. Since he has an artistic conscience, it is not surprising that this is the first collection of his short stories that he has permitted. M. W.

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GOLIATH

by G. A. Borgese

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Contributors

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WILLARD PRICE, who has been traveling for several years in Japan, Korea and Manchukuo, is the author of "The South Sea Adventure." He is at work on a book on Japan which John Day will publish early in 1938.

NORBERT GUTERMAN took a doctorate in Psychology at the Sorbonne.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS is a practising physician in Rutherford, New Jersey. He has been a frequent contributor of poetry to the "little magazines" and is the author of several books of verse and a novel, "White Mule," published last spring by New Directions.

MARIE DE L. WELCH is a California poet whose verse has been widely printed in magazines both in this country and abroad. She has published two books, "Of a Feather" and "Poems."

T. C. WILSON has contributed verse and prose to The New Republic, The Criterion, Life and Letters Today, Poetry and other magazines.

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ALFRED KREYMBORG, poet, playwright and editor, has recently completed a new book of poems, a three-act play and a poetic play for the radio.

The initials signed to the fiction reviews are those of Norbert Guterman and Mason Wade.

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